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CANADA'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 13, 1997

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From The Editor

An affair of the heart



At first, it was only a muffled sound. But then, the invited guests inside Westminster Abbey attending the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales, heard the unmistakable applause rolling up to the Great West Door from the streets of London. The people were speaking from their hearts.

They were cheering the single loud voice of Earl Spencer, Diana's brother, who had just completed an emotional eulogy at his older sister with a pointed lecture to the press and a thinly veiled rebuke of the failed House of Windsor. And then the tattered beds and ruffled ladies of the Establishment did a most extraordinary thing. They also started to clap their hands, right there in front of the Archbishop of Canterbury and their muscous—in church—on the hallowed place where kings and queens are crowned. For a man who had just told them that the old ways had to change. The old order, it seemed, was giving way.

Charles Spencer's vow to protect his two nephews, William and Harry, from the prying press, surely will strike a positive chord with people everywhere—and happily with the pagans and those who knew them. It is true that Diana fed the appetite for her story and pictures. In what would be her last interview, she told the French *elle Le Monde* on June 20, "Being persistently in the public eye gives me a special responsibility, notably that of using the impact of photographs to get a message across, a message about an important cause or certain values." But her single death will result in more restraint by people who are paid to produce images of celebrities.



Diana is July's populist standard

It is unclear whether Spencer will have any success with his other project—a commitment to continue Diana's attempt to raise two sons in the world, as he put it, "so that their souls are not simply suspended by duty and tradition, but can sing as you please." The answer to that question lies within the gates of the castle, not out on the streets.

Last week, it was the people in the streets who were leading, and the Queen and her court who followed. In response to the popular will, there was an extraordinary series of reversals and changes in plan. It was almost as if the people sensed that the royals were trying, once again, to turn their back on their process. The people would have none of it. And the Queen and her family responded bravely. They returned from their mourning period in Scotland a day early so that Elizabeth II could address her subjects and show her grief. The number of condolence books was increased tenfold at St. James's Palace, the route of the funeral procession lengthened and—amid more applause in the streets—a Union Jack was lowered to half-mast over the Queen's residence.

In her life, Diana became an insider to the Royal Family, straped of her title. In her death, she inspired a legacy of hope and goodwill and set a new, populist standard for the conduct of the monarchy. Research, relations between the Crown and the people will have to be an affair with much more heart than ever before.

Robert Lewis

Newsroom Notes:



A dozen times over the past 16 years, Maclean's cover subject has been Diana, Princess of Wales. We have chronicled her life from her engagement and marriage to Prince Charles (clockwise from bottom left), through the joy of motherhood and her emergence as the "people's princess," to the anguish of divorce and the tragedy of Paris. For this commemorative issue, our Liza Davis cover, *Stacey White* for *Chai* covered the funeral while Andrew Phillips explored the astonishing appeal of "England's Rose."

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Diana's coffin leaving France: Bouchard and Spencer

'A lonely star'

The shock of the Princess of Wales's death is felt around the world, but particularly by Canadians since she was Canada's princess just as Elizabeth II is Canada's Queen ("Diana," Cover Sept. 6). We can be proud of her accomplishments, most recently her efforts in promoting a ban on land mines. But the most important aspect of Canada's monarchy remains the stability that the institution provides to Canada's parliamentary system. In the era of distrust of politicians, Canada's head of state is hereditary, not beholden to any party cadre at Buckingham, and a symbol of 150 years of Canadian history at a time when our national identity is being eroded. Your unfortunate and/or editorial calling for an end to Canada's monarchy ignored these realities and proposed that Canadians are now indifferent to the royals ("Monarchy's lost relevance," Aug. 25). Paradoxically, the cover story that week ("Oh, Diana") was on Diana's affair with Lord Alford, in discussing that *Newsweek's* editorial staff, at least, do not share these views, since they presumably feature stories they feel are of interest to Canadians.

Bruce Whitford
St. David's, Ont.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

should be submitted to:
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Most welcome readers' names but letters may be edited for space and clarity. Please supply names, address and daytime telephone number. Submission may appear in Maclean's electronic version.

Diana's brother, Earl Charles Spencer, was very letter in his consideration of the media—so far as his ability to throw his "blood on the hands" of every proprietor and every editor who paid exorbitant sums for photographs. If that is so, then it is equally true that there is blood on the hands of every person who rushed out to buy copies of the publications. It was greed that played a major role in Diana's tragic death. If the public felt that the media was too invasive—if they had supported her critics for help—they could have stopped buying the tabloids. But that didn't happen, did it? Now, they are only too willing to condemn the press. The simple truth is that we all played a part in what happened.

Robert M. Thompson
Pittsburg, Ont.

I watched a full 12 hours of coverage on several television networks, before anyone alluded to, in my opinion, the ultimate resting place of responsibility: the public's insatiable lust for trash news. A tragedy has occurred. A tragedy that may have been avoided. While we are all shocked by this loss, let us learn from this experience. Rather than calling for the heads of the supplier, let's do some soul-searching. If the massive war serves, perhaps we may realize that what we ought to be looking at is the demand.

John Baker
Pittsburg, Ont.

The truth is that Diana was murdered by the press.

Bob Delaney
Mississauga, Ont.

I looked up in the sky last night and I spotted a lovely, bright, flickering star above some low lying fog in the harbor. It reminded me of my encounter with a human star who almost shook my hand at Expo 86 in Vancouver. Her grace, her smile defined her star quality. May she rest in peace.

Antonio de Wit
Victoria, B.C.

As we reel in shock at the untimely death of Diana, it will be easy to blame the so-called paparazzi for contributing to the accident that costed it. These photographers would be much less persistent if they were not paid so much for their work. The media and con-

Corporate payoff

So, Ethyl Corp. of Richmond, Va., is seeking compensation from the Canadian government for a partial ban on a suspected damaging gasoline additive ("Paying the polluters," Environment, Sept. 13). What sort? Will American small-arms manufacturers sue the government for lost sales due to the gun-control legislation? Will the buggy-whip makers and blacksmiths of the United States sue Canada for banning horses on expressways? God save Canada when the totally unbalanced, unbalanced, unmentioned Multilateral Agreement on Investment comes into play. Then we can forget treaties like the GST or national standards for health care or special status for Quebec. The multinationals must be served.

Alan A. Ross
Calgary

readers who read trash all bear some responsibility for her death. She managed to become an effective international ambassador for good causes in spite of the mounting pressures of the trash media and countless people all over the globe will be less well off without her.

Mark Wagner
Richmond Hill, Ont.

Smearing Bouchard

Congratulations to Dr. Vilnis Rokoff for bravely exposing Quebec Premier Jacques Bouchard for what he is: human ("The Bouchard file," Cover, Sept. 1). I am a federalist and an Anglo but I can only shake my head in amazement at this pathetic attempt to smear Bouchard. I don't believe for a moment that this so-called report, concocted by a Liberal MP and passed on to the Prime Minister's Office, is anything but part of a federal smear campaign. I wish that Canada had a politician half as genuine as Bouchard to speak up for us.

Donna Wall
Red Deer, Alta.

Now that Dr. Vilnis Rokoff has pegged Lucien Bouchard, why not do Prime Minister Jean Chrétien? What implications would Rokoff assign to Chrétien's breifing of a protester in front of thousands of witnesses, then announcing "I took him out" (A possible Kumbia complex)? What is the significance of Chrétien's propensity for speaking with imaginary people? (A touch of back-scratcher, perhaps?) How does Rokoff feel about Chrétien's claims not to have read the

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Healthy Bites

Kidney Stones?

Milk Products to the RESCUE

If you're denying yourself milk products for fear that calcium will increase your chances of kidney stones, think again! Reliable new studies have shown that a calcium-rich diet can actually help protect against them. For example, a recent 13-year study at Harvard tracked 91,751 women and found that those who consumed more than 1,000 mg of calcium per day in the form of foods like milk, cheese, and yogurt had the lowest risk of developing the dreaded stones. In contrast, calcium supplements were associated with a slightly increased risk. So beyond their ability to help build strong bones and teeth, calcium-rich milk products may actually help lower your risk of kidney stones. Just use more reason to eat the recommended two to four servings a day!

CRASHING CALCIUM INTAKES: A TEENAGE TIME BOMB?



Even though calcium is vital to growing bones, studies show that its intake among many teenagers, especially girls, is declining to the point of insufficiency. Canada's Food Guide to Healthy Eating recommends three to four servings of milk products per day for 10 to 16-year-olds. Parents really need to monitor their kids' eating habits during this important period of growth.

From the Dairy Bureau of Canada

Cor Accidents and the CELL-PHONE Connection!

It comes as no surprise that, according to a recent study in The New England Journal of Medicine, the risk of accidents quadruples when cellular phones are used while driving. Researchers suggest that drivers consume extra caution by:

- ✓ avoiding excessive speed
- ✓ minimizing other distractions
- ✓ avoiding unnecessary calls
- ✓ keeping calls brief, and,
- ✓ interrupting conversations when necessary



In fact, for safety's sake, why not pull out of traffic altogether when talking on the phone? Give your driving and your conversation the attention they need.

Fewer Calories, Higher Risks!

Obsessed with the "need" to stay slim, too many women are cutting calories to unsafe levels. Steady dieters who consume less than 1,800 calories daily run a very high risk of nutrient deficiencies, especially iron and calcium. One study conducted at a Madrid university showed that it was very difficult, even for nutrition students, to meet recommended daily vitamin requirements on less than 2,000 calories a day. The bottom line: instead of eating calories to the point of ill health, dieters should get enough to eat — and more, more, more!



THE MAIL

is, at best, a completely useless emotional drain and, at worst, when expressed publicly in this manner, counterproductive. Despite his unlimited charisma and significant leadership qualities, if Bocharov were to drop out from the scene, the problem of Quebec's failure to reconcile itself to the constitutional changes the rest of us undertake in 1992 would remain.

Sharon H. Noyl
Toronto

Camp on poverty

It was refreshing to read the column by Dal Alan Camp ("A proposal for the premiers think small," *Great Column*, Sept. 1). He has outlined one of the major injustices in our all-British country and challenged our political leaders to exercise the power that they have to deal with homelessness. Since all parties in the House of Commons have agreed to eliminate child poverty in Canada by the year 2000, I hope that the members of Parliament will act upon the modest proposal made by Camp.

Allen Baker
Toronto 30

So the academic's Dalen Camp has come down from the ivory tower to consider to the lowly person. He is demystified by Prime Minister Paul Martin's direct lighting and correlation this to the last generation of unemployed youth. What poppycock! Camp spent his career running the Conservative Party of Canada to lead the lie, leaving our Liberal voters with a label of Liberalism as an alternative. Camp was part of the second-stage initiative that characterized Canadian politics before Jean Chretien was embarrassed into cutting spending by the Reform party. Barry Deane, you were part of the lie, not the man. We are paying big time for your academic policies. Perhaps it's time we want to sign in Canada, business would have invested money in its industries that would employ those youngsters you care so dearly about.

Dennis Taylor
Calgary 30

Closet Liberal

I just checked out of John Crosbie's autobiography. I would go back to being a Liberal again. Before I would have anything to do with the Reform party. ("Reform party took 'crackpot' news," "Opening News," Aug. 29). It was the true conservatives who left the Conservative party for the Reform party and left the Tories with only one MP. Was the Conservative party under Brian Mulroney any different than the Liberal party? No or

Al Agre
Kilmory, N.C.

EDITORIAL UPDATE

Maclean's ranks Canadian law schools

Maclean's proudly presents its first ranking of Canadian law schools. This special report will answer the following questions:

- How well do our law schools train the next generation of lawyers?
- How do we differentiate from one law school to another?
- From which law schools are graduates most likely to find employment within the profession?
- What does the profession think about the quality of law schools and how do they rank them?

Read the verdict in Maclean's Oct. 9 issue, we re-evaluate on Sept. 29.

Maclean's 7th Annual Ranking of Universities

Maclean's commitment to covering the state of Canadian education continues with the 7th Annual Ranking of Universities. The best-selling Maclean's core series Canadian universities are



everything from academic reputation to class size and finances. Reveal all about this year's rankings in Maclean's Nov. 24 issue, on newsstands starting on Nov. 17.

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Publisher: MARK STOL

Vice-President, Advertising Sales: Graham A. Hargrave

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• **Maclean's Keepers**—a selection of previous stories organized to help readers follow current issues.

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MACLEAN'S is published 100% in published weekly except for one month each year of special double issues. Published by Maclean's Publishing Group, 777 Bay St. 5th Floor, Toronto, Ont. M5R 1A7. Registered in Ontario. GST #R123456789. Sales Tax #R123456789. Printed in Canada.

Subscription rates: Single copy \$5.00. Annual subscription (12 issues) \$59.99. Bulk rates available. Payment in Canadian dollars only. Payment in US dollars: \$69.99. Payment in US dollars: \$69.99. Payment in US dollars: \$69.99.

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Backstage



Anthony Wilson-Smith

Ambivalence over celebrities

Six years ago, an Ottawa journalist was awarded by a mutual friend to have dinner at a downtown restaurant with Serge Savard, the Hockey Hall of Fame defenseman who was then managing director of the Montreal Canadiens. Savard, with his familiar features, imposing stature and palpable sense of presence, was instantly recognized by other patrons. In the past where conversation briefly cooled when he walked in. But he was disturbed only once, as he finished his coffee and prepared to leave a well-known federal cabinet minister, who had been sitting alone and equally undisturbed at a nearby table, came over to ask for Savard's autograph "for my kids." The night then ended quietly and unremarkably for Savard—although his overbooked dining mate, a devoted fan, remembers every detail.

For the relative handful of Canadians, like Savard, whose faces and names are well known to millions, that night was, logically, fairly typical. Amidst the international fame surrounding the role of the pope in the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, Canadians, like it or not, are innocent bystanders. Media outlets are all but unknown here: the closest equivalent—and a pain, being one so close to the scenes of reporters and cameras crowd that exclude politicians on Parliament Hill. Supermarket tabloids flourish but only when they are written by—and about—people other than Canadians. They only resort to attempt to produce a homegrown, mass-circulation gossip sheet when the publication, called *People* 52/53, failed after a 12-week trial in 1994. A successful exception is the self-styled tabloid *Frank* magazine. Its limited-circulation publication is aimed at a specific target market of journalists, politicians and other members of the clattering class. They resist it while publicly declaring they do not believe anything in it—and privately repeating its gossip to friends.

During close encounters with the rich and famous, most Canadians would rather look than listen. That is the case whether the celebrities in question are loved, or loathed. Consider some recent prime ministers: Pierre Trudeau would sometimes walk to Parliament from 24 Sussex Drive. Brian Mulroney, now back in private life, occasionally visits Berni Lick in Montreal, unannounced, for a smothered meat sandwich. Jean Chrétien occasionally drops into bars and snack-food joints unannounced, but May, the day after the French-language election defeat, a person who walked into a popular downtown Montreal restaurant at bedtime was astonished to find Chrétien sitting undisturbed, in full view of other patrons, at a nearby table, dining with his soon-to-be Andre Desautels.

The willingness of famous people to live their lives in downtown fashion is appreciated, yet taken for granted, by other Cana-

dians. The most popular politicians routinely emphasize their hard-hat backgrounds or habits. Chrétien is the most obvious example, but smart members of his cabinet have picked up their own tricks. Finance Minister Paul Martin and Health Minister Allan Rock always travel economy class on short-haul flights because of the frugal image it transmits. In opposition, the Reform party has successfully raised grassroots politics to an art form. The ordinary people message works just as well in provincial elections. Consider such long-standing political survivors as New Brunswick's Frank McKenna, Alberta's Ralph Klein and Manitoba's Gary Filmon. All play everyday masterfully.

For the most part, Canadians can be proud of their indifference to fame. It is no coincidence that all professional athletes, hockey players—who are still mostly Canadian—remain the most likable and least arrogant. Similarly, many of the country's biggest entertainers, such as the rock groups Rush and Blue Rodeo, and comedians such as Dan Aykroyd, Mike Myers, and Michael J. Fox, always appear self-effacing in their private lives.

But the casual approach to celebrities dissolves when the person in question is from an other country. Then, there is one terrible demand: "Do you like us?" The first question Tiger Woods received in Montreal last week was what he thought of the city. The Toronto media, with the onset of the city's biennial film festival, will spend the next week regaling every word nothing anyone says about the place. Try to imagine journalists in New York City, Paris or London being the need to do the same. Francophone Quebecers were outraged by the remarks that American radio

shock jock Howard Stern made about them last week: they ignored the fact that his trash-talking show manages daily, and deliberately, to insult members of every race, gender and ethnic group in North America. English-Canadians will be just as unamused some day when he makes—if he can be bothered to do so—equally dismissive remarks about them.

Perhaps it is appropriate, then, that Canadians reserved their greatest outpouring of grief in modern history for someone who was not one of them—Diana. It is not impossible to find of any one Canadian who could unite his or her countrymen in a similar display of affection. There is, in fact, only one candidate in recent years who inspires respect and affection from all walks of life: That would be another slight, blood figure, mid-30s in age, who carries international stature with a rare combination of down-to-earth grace, goodwill, and an admirable, but indefatigable, charisma. Let's long, and prosper, Wayne Gretzky, a country so acknowledge about celebrities will not produce another they can know and love as well for a very long time.

Submitted by: **ANURAG K. BHATTACHARYA**

Former president George Bush has spent much of his retirement fishing, and has often been spotted in remote regions of Canada. In August, Arthur Milnes, editor of the *Dalhousie Review*, a weekly newspaper with a circulation of 1,200 in Port Simpson, N.B., 900 km west of Yellowknife, heard that Bush had been fishing for arctic char in The River A, self-confessed polar bear territory. Milnes fired off a letter to Bush asking him to write a guest column as his favorite sport. To his surprise, a few weeks later he got the Bush 73, a lettered advice on which flanked a billing on slippery rocks when fishing. "I've been back in the Sept. 4 column. Better and boats with little damaged head areas. Where."



Flash, he came on the line and asked Milnes how he liked his work. "I was breaking out," says Milnes who did not pay Flash but, in thanks, sent him a ball cap and a giant fishing lure—and invited him to go on fishing this winter. But the Houston-based former president declined. "I can't visit in the winter," Flash told Milnes. "I'm allergic to the cold."

For nearly 50 weeks a year, the Canadian Sports Hall of Fame is more museum than popular tourist attraction. The hall, which honors athletes ranging from 19th-century rower Ned Hanlan to contemporary hockey great Wayne Gretzky, is located in the middle of Toronto's Canadian National

Exhibition grounds: So, not surprisingly, the only time it attracts large crowds is during the last 10 days of August, when the exhibition is on. As a result, the hall's board of directors has been casting about for nearly three years to find it a new home. Their idea of a choice location? The upcoming limestone

Investments Condemned
 Critics in Ottawa, just 200 m from Parliament Hill on a prime spot beside the Supreme Court. The proposal calls for state-of-the-art, interactive displays in the former railway station, which has been the scene of numerous constitutional negotiations. But the wheels of democracy grind slowly, and hopes are now pinned on the outcome of a meeting last week with Prime Minister Jean Chrétien. "We are somewhere near a decision," says Senator Trevor Evans, chairman of the bill's board of directors. "But the PM obviously liked the idea of a national celebration being in the capital." At least then, everyone in the centre would be on the same Canadian team.

For a really, really good overview of British Columbia there used to be two choices: hitching a ride on the space shuttle, or going to the B.C. Pavilion at the Pacific National Exhibition each summer to gaze at what the Challenger called Map The 23-by-35 in. 3-D representation, built by businessman George Challenger and unveiled at the British Empire Games in Vancouver in 1954, shows every valley, river, coastline, lake and glacier in the province in remarkable

will. More than 40,000 people still visit it each year during the 17 days of the PNE. But now, forced off its city-owned, erst Vancouver hillside by the expiry of its lease, the PNE is moving. Demolition begins later this month on five buildings, including the B-C Pavilion. That, in turn, has the city, which legally owns the cartographic landmarks, scrambling to find it a foster home.

addition to considerations of security and protection from the elements for his 900-to-850 pieces of the plywood, there is a further complication: Chidrenger's musings. Upon his death in 2004 at his request, Chidrenger's will stipulated that his wife and trustees place his art and treasures just beneath the man's legend: "Our first priority is to find a permanent home for both the man and the art," says Vancouver Park Board planner Pete Rutgers. But if that fails, the man—and Chidrenger—may have to go into storage. "We don't want to move his grandchildren. We don't want them to move him," says granddaughter Jeanne Chidrenger. "But it's a desecration of his remains to handle him and put him in storage indefinitely." To prevent that, Chidrenger, a lawyer, has asked the B.C. government to make the park a hold of the workers' union to be man and art, can they

College's Ryan Casady is among the Connecticut high-achievers in the world—and he is the world to prove it. He is one of 14 students worldwide, and one of only two in North America, to record perfect marks in the MCE 1997, international baccalaureate exams. Grade 11 and 12 students in the exam program, affirmed by about 800 high schools, write standardized tests. Casady scored 45 out of 45 in math, physics, chemistry, French, English and European history. "I thought I did, 'dude pretty well,'" says Casady, "but I didn't know how high I would rank." High enough to be accepted at seven top-flight universities. Casady opted for *stringently* rigorous study at home: Yale University at 18, and Columbia at 19. He also won \$20,000 scholarship. He also takes guitar lessons in his spare time. "It's a good way to calm down after I don't struggle."



Steering his Howard Stern radio show to drive attention to his fledgling show, which aired in Canada for the first time last week on Montreal's CHOM FM and Q-107.5, Stern, 40, says he's not in Canada to do a "big" show. "I'm here to do a small show for a small audience of 20 million people in the United States," he says. "I'm here to do a small show, called French-Canadians' secret bawdy and complete nonsense," *Complètement Le Journal de Montreal* in a front-page headline. "It's really on francophones' Canadian radio," he says. "I'm here to do a small show at the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission, which polices the airwaves, can take the check book. If they do not, sure for last-but-not-least, they will sweep across the air in Canada. Last week, they were sweeping across the airwaves and advertisements were pulling their messages off half stations." "The CRTC has to do better," says Rob Deane of CHOM co-owner Mike "66" Bob Deane, the message. They're sending it, if they get into who talks to whom and whether "Stern can do it," *abc.ca/eng*.

- 1. *The Underground*, Jesse Cougle (40)
- 2. *Larry's Party*, Carol Shields
- 3. *Landon*, Edward Packer (42)
- 4. *Seasoned Exposure*, Patricia Connolly (46)
- 5. *With Good*, Kelly Fackel (47)
- 6. *Call on Your Name*, Jan Marie MacIsaac (48)
- 7. *Woman with Wax*, Susan Ford (51)
- 8. *The Magician's Wife*, Jesse Abner
- 9. *Chasing Glaciers*, Peter Wayne (42)
- 10. *The End of Small Things*, Annemarie Day (53)

- 8. *Angela's Ashes*: Frank McCourt (32)
- 9. *The Way We Were*: Warren, Henry Roberts (3)
- 10. *The Assassination*: Laurence Martin (7)
- 11. *The Day K Street*: Douglas Correll and Andrew Ross (5)
- 12. *How Tall Am I, Joe?*: Andrew (32)
- 13. *Beats, Beats & Tunes*: Daniel Fierman and Gerald Hoffmann (13)
- 14. *The Life of Margaret Laurence*: James (Eag) (5)
- 15. *Presidentsmen*: Nancy Wolf (20)
- 16. *The Perfect Storm*: Sebastian Junger (32)
- 17. *Yves, Yves and the Girl of the Nations*: Andrew Dunton (32)

CHATELAIN **C**hateleine celebrated 1928 founder Women's Place: 3 hours on the Lower East Side's Woman's Place. The more than 17 and drawings call. The pages of the n

Trace the changing roles of women throughout the decades, as well as they were and what they could

The murder of a poet
Actor Andy Garcia has the title role in *The Day After Tomorrow*, a film based on the real-life Spanish poet who was murdered by fascists at the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War.

plays Ricardo Fernandez, a young Puerto Rican journalist who goes to Grenada in 1954 to try to find Lora's killer—a dangerous proposition in Franco's Spain.

Year/Model/Type	Sept. 4, 1994	Current
1. 1994 Honda Civic EX	\$12,120	\$12,120
2. 1994 Honda Civic EX	\$12,120	\$12,120
3. 1994 Honda Civic EX	\$12,120	\$12,120
4. 1994 Honda Civic EX	\$12,120	\$12,120
5. 1994 Honda Civic EX	\$12,120	\$12,120
6. 1994 Honda Civic EX	\$12,120	\$12,120
7. 1994 Honda Civic EX	\$12,120	\$12,120
8. 1994 Honda Civic EX	\$12,120	\$12,120
9. 1994 Honda Civic EX	\$12,120	\$12,120
10. 1994 Honda Civic EX	\$12,120	\$12,120



he embarked on a career in the public service in 1952. Fraser, who oversaw TV's arrival in the House of Commons in 1977, was an expert on parliamentary rules and procedures. He was also known as one of Ottawa's most popular hosts and raconteurs.

DEED: Cystic fibrosis advocate Susan McKellar, 42, the first Canadian with the condition allowed to defy the odds by having a baby in a Toronto hospital after a long transplant. Until recently, those with cystic fibrosis rarely lived beyond age 20, but McKellar had her first child, Christopher, when she was 30, and a second son, Cory, four years later, in 1989. A nurse for 14 years, she was the first cystic fibrosis patient elected to the board of the National Cystic Fibrosis Foundation.

GRANDS: Sir Rudolph Bing, 95, the ex-wife's general manager of New York City's Metropolitan Opera from 1960 to 1978 in a New York hospital. Bing, who was born in Vienna, used his European contacts to bring some of the most prominent international stars to the Met, including **Maria Callas** and **Lucy Mielbauer**. He also broke the company's racial barrier by hiring **Leontyne Price** in 1953 and **Marcel Anderson** in 1955.

RETRIBUTION: Dutton columnist Doug Collins, 77, who is embroiled in a U.S. Human Rights Commission hearing into a 1994 piece he wrote claiming the movie Schindler's List was Jewish Holocaust propaganda, from the *North Shore News*, a free-distribution Vancouver weekly. In his column last week, Collins compared the hearing to the Inquisition, but denied that the controversy forced his Sept. 17 retirement.

DIED: Sir George Solti, 84, the internationally renowned conductor, whose more than 250 recordings led to 31 Grammys, more than won by any other musician, pop or classical; in Antibes, France, while on tour. *See* [Antibes](#).

TERROR IN THE PRAIRIE NIGHT

BY DALE EISLER

The scene, three cars back from the two locomotives, was an odd mixture of terror and tranquility. Amid the twisted wreckage of Via Rail's transcontinental train, The Canadian just west of Raggan, Sask., the silence that followed the sickening sound of crushing metal was broken only by the sobs of disoriented and injured passengers. A car 200 kg crumpled in its side in a wheat field next to the CN main line track, and a third Philip Mills called out in the darkness to his two sons, his wife and her parents. Filled with relief when each responded, Mills, 41, tried to console three teenage Japanese girls whispering close by. Then, as the minutes passed and passengers awaited rescue, Mills's wife, Marie, began singing a song. The only words she could think of were from the blessing her family said before each meal. Gradually, as the softly sang the lines "God our Father, hear our prayer," to the tune of *Peter Pan*, other passengers joined in, singing a plan for help to be freed from the train wreck in the dark of a starless Prairie night.

It took less than 15 minutes for their prayer to be answered. Awakened by a wailing emergency siren at the local fire hall in Raggan, 30 km away, five fire department volunteers rushed to the scene. But for Mills, 41, and his family from Plymouth, England, what was to be a four-week holiday of a lifetime had turned into a nightmare they will never forget. At 1:50 a.m., as the 10-car train sped eastward at 105 km/h along a straight stretch of track, Mills was gliding in a deep sleep when he felt the train rapidly lose speed. "The only thing I can compare it to is a roller coaster when it comes to a quick stop at the end of the ride and you're thrown forward," he said from his hospital bed in Raggan, as he recuperated from a concussion and a gash to his scalp.

Then came a series of loud bangs. The next thing Mills knew, he was crumpled in the overhead baggage rack, across the side and above where his mother-in-law, who suffered a fractured skull, was trapped beneath a crumpled seat. The other members of Mills's family escaped with bruises and whiplash in what was the worst passenger train wreck in Canada since 23 died when a freight train oil lifted them on with a Via train near Hinton, Alta., in February, 1990. Miraculously, all of the 150 passengers and 20 crew aboard The Canadian last week, only one person died—a 56-year-old woman from Brooklyn, N.Y.—and all of the other 60 injured, four of them seriously, are expected to recover.

Within hours of the crash, officials with the National Transportation Safety Board revealed that the derailment was caused by a broken front axle on the second locomotive. A final judgment will take days of laboratory analysis to determine if overheated bearings, a malfunctioned tire in the axle or some other structural

reason caused the equipment failure. But it did not take long for other allegations of blame to emerge. With four Via employees suspended in what the company called normal practice in light of the ongoing investigation, reports surfaced that painted a troubling picture of its safety procedures. At week's end, a Via spokesman acknowledged that, two hours after the train left Vancouver, a warning device called a hot-bearing detection system indicated that an axle bearing on one of the locomotives was overheating—but crew members subsequently disconnected the device after conferring with the Vancouver maintenance centre. Via also admitted that in Jasper, Alta., the train underwent a visual inspection, but was allowed to continue on its way.

In the wake of the accident, many railway workers cautioned that recent cutbacks at Via, aimed at ensuring the lowest risk at the government-owned passenger rail company, have compromised safety. Over the past five years, Via has lost almost \$4.6 billion—all of which is covered in annual subsidies from the federal government. These losses have occurred in spite of the company's massive restructuring. Since 1990, Via has reduced its service from 618 trains per week to 396, including the cancellation of its southern transcontinental route as the West on the Canadian Pacific line it currently maintains only a scaled-down,

three-times-a-week transcontinental passenger service on the CN tracks linking Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Winnipeg. It has also cut its workforce to 3,900 from 1,900. "There have been cut-throat cuts to jobs for years," says Dennis Wray, regional vice-president of the Canadian Auto Workers union, which represents employees at Via's maintenance centre in Winnipeg. "Sooner or later, that is going to have an impact on maintenance and safety."

From a peak of nearly 70 maintenance employees six years ago, Wray says the Winnipeg workforce has been cut to 18 full-time positions, with another five people to be laid off in October. Last May, Via closed its Toronto maintenance complex, which employed 700 workers, as part of a consolidation of its major maintenance areas in Montreal and Vancouver. But Via officials adamantly deny that cutbacks have in any way jeopardized safety in the beleaguered company. Via spokesman Mikolaj Andros says that passenger safety has been the principle guiding the company's restructuring. "It has been top-of-mind throughout this process," Andros remarks. "In fact, we believe that safety has been improved."

The company argues that the need for maintenance has been reduced by Via's conversion to a fleet of 230 refurbished used-to-work cars that have been in service since 1989. Unlike the old cars that got onboard power from overhead trolley systems, the new cars draw power directly from the locomotives. That, the company says,

Wreckage of the transcontinental train Raggan, Sask., following the September 1997



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Country	Year	Population (millions)	GDP (billion USD)	Life expectancy (years)	Healthcare expenditure (USD per capita)
USA	2010	310	14,900	78.4	1,100
UK	2010	61	2,400	81.1	1,000
France	2010	64	2,500	82.6	1,000
Germany	2010	82	3,500	81.1	1,000
Japan	2010	127	5,400	84.4	1,000
China	2010	1,370	5,900	74.7	100
India	2010	1,210	1,800	69.4	50
Brazil	2010	199	1,800	74.7	100
South Africa	2010	50	210	54.1	50
South Korea	2010	47	1,600	82.8	1,000
Italy	2010	61	2,100	82.6	1,000
Spain	2010	45	1,800	82.6	1,000
Sweden	2010	9.4	500	83.1	1,000
Norway	2010	4.6	350	82.1	1,000
Denmark	2010	5.5	350	81.1	1,000
Netherlands	2010	16.5	500	81.1	1,000
Australia	2010	22.2	1,100	82.1	1,000
Canada	2010	33.7	1,400	82.1	1,000
Poland	2010	38.1	350	78.1	100
Czech Republic	2010	10.5	150	78.1	100
Slovakia	2010	5.4	50	78.1	100
Hungary	2010	10.1	150	78.1	100
Slovenia	2010	2.1	50	78.1	100
Croatia	2010	4.3	50	78.1	100
Serbia	2010	7.3	50	78.1	100
Bulgaria	2010	7.5	50	78.1	100
Romania	2010	21.5	150	78.1	100
Greece	2010	11.5	250	78.1	100
Portugal	2010	10.6	250	78.1	100
Ireland	2010	4.3	150	78.1	100
Lithuania	2010	3.1	50	78.1	100
Latvia	2010	2.9	50	78.1	100
Estonia	2010	1.3	50	78.1	100
Finland	2010	5.3	250	81.1	1,000
Belgium	2010	10.5	450	81.1	1,000
Austria	2010	8.5	450	81.1	1,000
Switzerland	2010	7.5	700	83.1	1,000
Luxembourg	2010	0.5	50	83.1	1,000
Iceland	2010	0.3	50	83.1	1,000
Malta	2010	0.4	50	83.1	1,000
Cyprus	2010	0.8	50	83.1	1,000
Singapore	2010	5.0	250	83.1	1,000
Israel	2010	7.5	250	83.1	1,000
South Korea	2010	47	1,600	82.8	1,000
Japan	2010	127	5,400	84.4	1,000
Germany	2010	82	3,500	81.1	1,000
France	2010	64	2,500	82.6	1,000
UK	2010	61	2,400	81.1	1,000
USA	2010	310	14,900	78.4	1,100

Subject Weight _____

[illegible]

has eliminated the recurring problems of passenger cars that often lacked enough heat in the winter and were too hot in the summer. "We had a maintenance system built for that old fleet, which was constantly in need of repair," says Andrews. "That's no longer the case." But Bob Bourcier, the CTV's rail safety representative, notes that when the Toronto locality was closed, two maintenance records showed that 22 of 53 locomotives and 38 of 144 passenger cars were overdue for regular three-month inspections. "I can tell you the situation here's pretty any better," says Bourcier.

After surviving the accident via last-second, transformation-based chairman rescue! Bouchard told *Marken* there was no reason to believe anything at Vista had contributed to the crash. "We have a lot of safety and survival instrumentation systems in the world," Bouchard says. "If we felt that a lack of human resources was causing a problem for safety, we would certainly comment, but at this point there is nothing to suggest that the crew was in error." Still, the concern over the possibility of a human factor doesn't rule out a public inquiry to determine if the accident could have been prevented. Before the trial last November, Moore's lawyer, Voss, says he would file a standard battery of inspections that included the locomotive, rails, bearings and wheels. "We would want to make sure the wheels are attached to the locomotive. And even as an accident, however, anything all the inspections had been done properly. And from inspections such as there is a train level," says Voss. Moore says he has no recollection of any inspections at Toronto, that such an inspection would be a waste of time and money. He says the train was 90 days old and cost \$600,000.

Often, as evidenced among the several modes of transportation, passengers and freight trains have not been immune from major accidents. Since 1993, 42 people have died in train accidents in Canada, but last year alone 180 derailments were recorded. Prior to last week's wreck, the most recent fatalities involving a Via train were in February, 1993, when four passengers died after a truck skidded into the side of a passenger car at a level crossing 40 km west of Montreal. Accidents in the United States, fatalities in the American passenger rail system are not uncommon. The most deadly occurred in Alabama in 1993, when a passenger train crossing a bridge at night went off the rails and plunged into a ravine, killing 47.

But in spite of those statistics and their own experience, many passengers battered by the Biggar train wreck said they fully expect to travel by rail again. Even from his hospital bed, Mills was talking about making another family visit to Canada. "We were having a wonderful time," he said. "It's such a prestigious thing to travel across Canada by train." But, he added, "I hope next time will be different." □

Back to the drawing board

Newfoundlanders vote decisively to end religious schooling

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

It was a chaotic disruption that some wags dubbed "the greatest war was the Pope." When he announced just six weeks ago that his government would hold a referendum on whether to scrap Newfoundland's 257-year-old denominational school system, Premier Brian Tobin, a practicing Roman Catholic, boldly took on the leadership of his own church. It was high time, he argued, to give parents—not the clergy—ultimate responsibility for public education. In response, Catholic parents across the province warned the faithful that Tobin's government was doing nothing less than kicking God out of the classrooms—and welcoming in the secular and the profane. Last week, it was the premier who prevailed: about 73 per cent of voters signalled their desire to replace all church-run schools with a single, government-run education system. Flush with victory, the premier declared Christian charity while making it clear that the time for debate was over. "I think we have a responsibility to reach out to those who had a different view," Tobin told *Newsday*. "In the new vision we're embracing, nobody is excluded, everyone is included."

But how often do voters decide Tobin's victory, not anyone agreed with his assessment of the crisis. Among the dissenters was Abbe Farthing, vice-chairman of the Catholic Education Association in St. John's. In the words of Farthing, the majority of Newfoundlanders have "voiced to strip away and crush our rights." She adds that she cannot understand why Catholics, who account for 37 per cent of the province's population, walk to other religious minorities, will not continue to be allowed their own schools where numbers warrant. That is something currently guaranteed to Newfoundlanders by the Canadian Constitu-

tion, which must be amended before the province can implement the changes. "If this were done to another minority in Canada, there would be outrage," said Farthing.

Can you imagine if every Canadian could decide that Quebec should not have French as its first language?

There is little doubt that, if Parliament approves a constitutional amendment, Tobin will have sparked an epochal shift in his province's education system. In other provinces, Protestant schools eventually became public and non-denominational, albeit retaining alongside publicly funded Catholic schools in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario and Quebec. But secular schools never gained a foothold in Newfoundland. When the province joined Confederation in 1949, Newfoundland's schools were controlled by seven denominations: Catholic, Anglican,

United, Methodist, Presbyterian, Salvation Army and Seventh-day Adventist. Under the Terms of Union, each was granted constitutional protection to run schools, a right extended to Protestantism in 1987. Last week's vote gives the way for eliminating those guarantees, and setting up a provincially run system as early as September, 1999.

It is not the first time Newfoundlanders have voted on the issue. In 1995, Tobin's predecessor, Clyde Wells, held his own referendum on a much milder proposal to reduce—but not eliminate—church control over education. After a narrow 54 to 46 per cent victory for the Yes side, the Newfoundland Legislature called on Ottawa to amend the Constitution accordingly. Although the amendment easily passed a free vote in the House of Commons, 35 Liberal MPs voted against it. A majority of senators also balked,



St. Patrick's Hall Roman Catholic School in St. John's: an epochal shift in the education system

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stalling the referendum for six months before sending it back to the Commons with some changes. But last December, the House gave its final approval to the original amendment, handing the province greater control over education while still guaranteeing denominational schools where Catholics warranted.

Following last week's referendum, the Newfoundland legislature passed a resolution asking Ottawa to amend the Constitution once again, allowing Tolle to proceed with his own bidder bill to entirely abolish church-run schools. But despite the premier's decisive victory at the polls, such an amendment is expected to come under even closer scrutiny in Ottawa. That is because the tenuous issue of minority rights has also been raised by a similar request from Quebec.

whose national assembly voted in April to replace denominational school boards with linguistic ones by September, 1998. Eugénie Bédaride, a francophone Liberal MP from the Ottawa area, is among the fiercest critics of the bill. She has vowed to vote against both the Newfoundland and Quebec proposals in part because of the precedent it would set, as the event of secession, for anglophones in Quebec. "I'm concerned about minority groups who can be pushed to the margins of a new nation of francophone referendum," says Bédaride. "It guarantees survival of the strongest."

Despite such concerns, most political observers agree with Tobin's own assessment: a vote for the Liberal Party would be to respect the wishes of Newfoundlanders. That is precisely the sort of leverage Tobin had sought when he called the vote on July 31. The premier now clearly agreed by a Newfoundland majority to a new cabinet, to a new set of groups, that helped plans to close or restructure 60 Catholic and Protestant schools, and lay off almost 47,000 teachers. Faced with the constant decision, he launched a spirited battle that resulted in a vote of 195-149 in the legislature on the 1986-87 budget, by a narrow margin. He was again outvoted on his overhauled on the Grand Banks. "I think this injection made Tobin successful," says Bill Rowe, a former Liberal cabinet minister and one of Newfoundland's most popular open time radio hosts. "If he had not done it, he'd be back and out."

The reviewer also had clear indications

But the Newfoundlands there were additional factors at play. The Mount Carmel scandal of 1989, which saw several priests convicted of sexually molesting young boys in their care, had eroded confidence in religious authorities. And for more than two decades, there has been a steady drop in school enrollment, from a peak of 165,000 students in 1970 to 125,000 in 1999. The decline has put pressure on the government to consolidate resources and avoid administrative duplication.

'This is about accountability'

In his campaign against denominational schools, Newfoundland Premier Brian Tobin, who is Roman Catholic, had to reconcile politics with his personal faith. He spoke about that balancing act in an interview last week with Michael's Atlantic Bureau Chief Bruce Robinson. Excerpts:

Mackinnon's: How difficult was it to oppose the leadership of your own church?

Telford: I see no contradiction between my private faith and my public duties. My public duties must take precedence. As a Catholic, I reject the notion that my ability to worship as I see fit is in any way impeded by the kind of school system we're trying to put in place.



I've never understood the notion that a particular denomination can only succeed if it's able to govern or administer a school. I think the place for religion is first and foremost in the church. **Maclean's:** Do you think that being a Catholic actually gave you more credibility to speak on that issue?

Tolson: I don't think my position was unique. I think the vast majority of Catholics felt it was time to move on. I am one of those who has benefited from the democratic national system. I was a part of it. But I have no hesitation

Maclean: How do you respond to those who say that no matter how strong the Ms role was in the referendum, what you are proposing to do is the slip the nothings constitutional right to representation is false. What we've seen in this province is a very strong current that says it's time for change. Those who argue that Parliament ought not to listen to the people of the province are fundamentally arguing that the people have no right to speak for themselves and that only the churches who are acting in an unbridled and unaccountable way, call for the erosion of people's civil liberties. That is not about minority rights. It never was. This is about power and control and accountability.

**StrongPA Forward
Refers your Questions**

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It is in the case of garden composting of plant materials that, in 1987, the garden club came in contact with the People of the Mississippi.

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I've never understood the notion that a particular denomination can only speak about such level as the national level. I think the place for religion is first and foremost in the church. **MacKinnon:** Do you think that being a Catholic actually gave you more credibility to speak on this issue?

Tolson: I don't think my position was unique. I think the vast majority of Catholics felt it was time to move on. One of those

Today presenting
anecdotal questions
You're more on?

However, despite the issue, the main gist of Toibin's victory cannot be denied—a victory that many observers also so chafed up to the governor's refusal to waive an important guarantee of Marquette University political scientist Mark Gressner, who has been polling voters for the 20 years, notes that Toibin showed voters that he was willing to offer a clear, radically different vision of public education. Rose, who shares that assessment, says that critics to his show represented another sentiment as well. "Even as the two sides debated," he says, "they registered their fatigue with the issue, and their desire to see it resolved." Gressner says that the two leaders tempted to second-guess the referendum results, that is a message they ignore at their peril.

With DEANA STONES SULLIVAN
as St. John's and LUCY FISHER in Orange



Gopill: 'We feel we should come live'



Guyborough County, N.S.

CANADA Pipe dreams

Like many other residents of Guyborough County—a remote, sparsely populated and impoverished region in eastern Nova Scotia—Cael Gopill has often found that survival means leaving home. A fisherman until the fish disappeared, the barely 40-year-old Gopill has turned in New Brunswick, toiled in the coal mines of northern Nova Scotia and served with the Canadian Coast Guard. "I've moved many times, usually for work," he says. "And every chance I get, I come back here." In 1993, Gopill purchased a \$10,000 house on a lonely stretch of road along the Atlantic Ocean, near the spot where his father once worked as a lightkeeper. There, he takes out a living running a small fish farm and doing odd jobs. But these days, Gopill finds himself enmeshed in what promises to be the largest economic project in the history of Nova Scotia, a \$3-billion plan to develop the Sable Island gas reserves off Nova Scotia's east coast.

This fall, the National Energy Board is expected to rule on a proposal, from a consortium led by Mobil Oil, that would see Sable Island gas piped through Guyborough County to New Brunswick and on to New England. "The project has already become something of a political football, with the governments of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia bickering over how much taxpayers along the pipeline route should pay for the gas. At the same time, the National

Energy Board is being urged by native energy consortiums—that are proposing a pipeline that extends into Quebec and then into New England—to delay approval of the project until it has a chance to make its own application. But for Gopill and many other residents of Guyborough County, those disputes are academic. They have a more immediate concern about the proposed megaproject: what's in it for them?

In Gopill's case, the pipeline bringing the Sable gas ashore would run within a kilometre of where he mines sea urchins for sale to Japan. Despite the potential for disrupting his business, Gopill views the project as a chance to boost the region's flagging economy. And as a member of two citizens' committees advising the Sable gas consortium, he says it is crucial that local people benefit directly from any jobs and economic spinoffs from the project. "We feel we should come first—the ones who have stuck it out, who have incentives buried here," he says. "After all, we're slowly losing our way of life."

That is a common sentiment among the 10,500 residents of Guyborough County. In recent years, the three pillars of the region's economy—fishing, forestry and mining—have all collapsed. At 37 per cent, the region

that includes the county has the highest unemployment rate of any in Canada. It also has the lowest average income and the highest illiteracy rates in Nova Scotia. Most troubling of all is the exodus of people—especially young families and recent graduates—which local officials say is happening at a faster pace in Guyborough County than anywhere else in the country.

Shaun MacLeod, a Guyborough County municipal councillor, has more than passing acquaintance with such statistics. MacLeod, whose family's roots in the county date back to the appearance of the United Empire Loyalists in the late 1700s, already has two sons, Jonathan, 23, and Justin, 22, working in Calgary. His youngest child, Jacob, 18, is studying social work at the University of New Brunswick and has told him she won't be returning home after graduation. The same story is being played out throughout the county, says MacLeod, and that is why the Sable Island gas project is so crucial.

"Without it," he adds, "I see this place turning into a senior citizens' centre."

On the surface, the benefits from the project appear to be modest. Under the current proposal, local residents will be given preference when filling the 40 full-time jobs at the gas-processing plant to be located in the county. A few others may find employment on the offshore rigs or on contracts to do trucking and labor work. Some critics say the slight increase in jobs fails to justify what they see as a threat to the environment and the local way of life. Fred and Ursula Schagbach first arrived in the area from their native Switzerland in 1982 in search of a quieter existence. They later bought and renovated a three-room lodge in Sherbrooke, which caters mainly to American and European tourists. "What draws them here is the natural beauty," says Ursula Schagbach. "I'm afraid that when they hear about Sable gas they may stay away."

The Schagbachs are definitely a minority voice in the county, where most people are eager to see the project proceed as quickly as possible. MacLeod points out that the municipal tax base will triple as a result of the development, allowing for more spending on much-needed roads and other public services. And in an economy that is so depressed, he adds, even modest spinoffs—a few new restaurants, gaspans and general stores—will make a big difference. "This project won't solve all our problems," says MacLeod. "But maybe it can bring back some of the people who have left and make this a better place to live."

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AIRBUS AND RIGHTS

The Supreme Court of Canada agreed to hear the federal government's appeal of a lower court ruling that German-Canadian businessman Karlheinz Schreiber's rights had been violated. In 1985, a letter from the federal justice department to Swiss authorities implicated Schreiber in alleged kickbacks in the 1988 sale of Airbus jets to Air Canada, and asked for Swiss help in the investigation. Federal lawyers argue that the ruling, which said that such letters need a judge's approval, would compromise other investigations.

TRACKING ALLEGED ABUSES

The Ontario Provincial Police said that eight former workers of St. Anne's Residential School in Port Albany will soon be charged with abuse of Cree and Ojibwa children. The alleged offences date back to the late 1950s, and include children being forced to sit in a home-made electric chair, severe beatings and rape.

BYELECTION TALLIES

Two Ontario ridings held by the provincial Liberals and one held by the NDP were re-elected by their respective parties in by-elections. Some observers said the results underscored Premier Mike Harris's lagging popularity. Four Quebec byelections, meanwhile, will be held Oct. 6 in what is widely viewed as the test of the Parti Québécois government.

DEATH PROBE ORDERED

Manitoba Justice Minister Joe Tavares ordered a review into whether Crown prosecutors relinquished the case against four men accused of murder in an alleged gay-baiting in Winnipeg in 1991. The charges were stayed after it was revealed that the Crown's star witness was in jail at the time the alleged attack occurred.

RACISM DENIED

University of Toronto president Robert Pritchard denied racism was behind two teachers being barred from positions leading to tenure. Black lawyer April Dune, who has a master's degree from Harvard University, has claimed she was not hired because she would not "fit" into the all-white faculty. Georgetown's Kim Tip Chin said he was turned down for tenure four times because he is Chinese.



Gibson: meeting quietly with three premiers to talk unity

Applying pressure

There was a lot of last-minute political arm-twisting, as nine premiers—including Quebec's Lucien Bouchard—prepared for a Sept. 24 and 25 national unity conference in Calgary. Last week, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien quietly dispatched a Challenger jet to whisk Alberta Premier Ralph Klein and Saskatchewan Premier Roy Romanow to Ottawa for previously unannounced

talks. Chrétien has publicly urged the premiers to consider a constitutional veto for Quebec and some sort of recognition of its special status within Canada. But details about the secretive three-way meeting were elusive. "We're not in a position to comment on the discussions," said Chrétien's spokesman. "All I can say is, they came, they discussed and they left."

Ontario Premier Mike Harris was a bit more talkative. Harris revealed that, at Chrétien's request, he met with the Prime Minister in Montreal last week. Harris said he told Chrétien that no constitutional amendment was possible without Quebec's participation. "That would be totally contrary to what I believe makes sense,"

Harris told reporters.

The Supreme Court of Canada would join the debate by announcing that Quebec lawyer Guy Bérubé—a former seven-year federal assistant federal clerk—was permitted the court with arguments for partitioning Quebec. The court has set aside three days in December to hear submissions on Quebec's legal right to secede unilaterally.

JUSTICE

A hollow apology

Talkings at the inquiry into the 1985 murder of six-year-old Christine Jessup, whom Crown prosecutor Leo McGowan said he was sorry for helping convict, Mann in 1992. But Mann McGowan testified that he would change almost nothing if he were to do it all over, and claimed that Mann's parents fabricated an alibi for their son. McGowan 196 and he still believes the testimony of former coroner Robert Dean May, who told a jury that Mann confessed to the crime while the two shared a jail cell. May, when psychiatrists have identified as a pathological liar, later recanted his testimony and then recanted his recantation. McGowan said, however, that even those revelations have not shaken his belief that Mann was guilty. He was not charged with the crime until 1997. Mann, in 1995, was not exonerated by DNA tests.

Where are all the fish?

This—how many are left and what to do about them—preoccupied government officials and experts on both coasts last week. In a report to the B.C. government, Alan Bessley, Canada's former chief negotiator of oceanic law, and the federal government should like the United States to court to resolve the salmon-quota dispute. Bessley concluded that Alaskan fishermen broke the law last July when they intercepted thousands of tonnes of salmon headed for Canadian waters. He said Ottawa's insistence on "buckling the high moral ground" is naive, and that British Columbia should take legal action on its own. Federal Fisheries Minister David Anderson, however, said that court action would undermine negotiations. "This isn't going to be won by the legal route," Anderson said. "It'll be won by diplomacy."

Turning his focus on the East, Anderson announced that fishermen will be allowed to catch 10 cod per day from Sept. 12 to 14 on the lower north shore of Quebec and western and southern Newfoundland. In St. John's, meanwhile, delegates at the international Summit of the Sea conference debated how to change the way scientific data on fish stocks are collected, used and acted by governments. The debate grew out of allegations made last May that Ottawa pressured its scientists to minimize the impact overfishing has had on stocks.

Mother Teresa
1910-1997

World

DEATH OF A 'SAINT'

BY MARCI McDONALD

She had defied death so often that when at last it came, even some of her closest followers at first hoped it was yet another false alarm. To any, more realistically, seemed out of the question for Mother Teresa, the 85-year-old Albanian nun laid out in a living saint for her ministry to the impoverished, the leprosy and the dying in Calcutta's tenement, dead streets. Even before her death last week of cardiac arrest at her convent in Calcutta, she seemed destined for official canonization by the Roman Catholic Church, for which she had become a venerated 20th-century icon. "Her importance is that she illustrated the greatest problem we have in the world today—poverty," said Ann Prime, the Windsor-born director whose acclaimed 1986 film on Mother Teresa has been shown in more than 80 nations. "And she taught us what to do about it, to spiritualize it—to see the God within each person. Rather than regarding the poor as a problem, she saw every human being, no matter how wretched, as an opportunity to do something for Jesus."

Born Agnes Gonxha Bjegusha, Mother Teresa was an apparently simple woman who managed to build a complex international order of 4,500 sisters and brothers in more than 100 countries. She did so with a mixture of stubborn entrepreneurial drive—and the influence of an unquenchable faith. Last November, 46 years after she had received her first dying outfit from an Indian priest, Mother Teresa declared herself ready to die when she was rushed to a private Calcutta hospital for the third time that year with heart failure. But again she recovered—and was forced to admit that God appeared to have other plans for her. Three months later, she continued with her work, which included a two-month world tour during which she met Diana, the Princess of Wales—a great admirer—for the fourth time, in New York City.

But her health remained precarious. For that reason, the day before her death, her order, the Missionaries of Charity, issued a statement that she would not be able to attend the princess's funeral. Early Friday evening, after a dinner of soup and toast, she finished her prayers and then complained of pain in her back. A doctor was summoned—even as a crowd began to swell in front of the order's headquarters. An hour later, mass ringing the huge metal bell outside the main entrance and announced that Mother Teresa was dead.

The accolades that poured in from around the world signalled the great esteem in which she had been held. In Rome, a spokesman for Pope John Paul II said that the pontiff was "deeply moved and pained" by her death. "She is a woman who

has left her mark on the history of this century," the Vatican said. Others expressed similar sentiments. U.S. president Bill Clinton, on vacation at Martha's Vineyard, Mass., called her "an incredible person" in a statement. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien said she was a "truly exceptional human being," and added, "Her dedication and courage earned her praise from the mighty and the famous, but it was service to the weak and countless that gave meaning to her life and for which she will always be remembered." And in London, only hours after her televised tribute to Diana, Queen Elizabeth praised Mother Teresa's "unfailing devotion to the poor and destitute of all religions." She will, the Queen said, "continue to live in the hearts of all those who have been touched by her selfless work."

While the world lauded her accomplishments, including the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize, the Missionaries of Charity mourned the indefatigable woman they called simply "Mother"—and pondered the uncertain future of their order. Last March, when Mother Teresa voluntarily stepped down as superior general, they elected a successor, Sister Nirmala, a former Hindu who converted to Roman Catholicism. But many observers have questioned whether an order so closely associated with its founder—one who exerted a tight control over her followers that seemed to reflect an earlier era when convent life was more authoritarian and insular—can continue to attract new converts and financial support now that she is gone. The missionaries will also debate whether to continue to embrace Mother Teresa's religious and political conservatism, including a fierce opposition to birth control in one of the most populous countries on earth. Some sisters had also criticized her emphasis on administering to the poor on a day-to-day basis rather than working to change society. However, Mother Teresa had always preferred to reach out on a spiritual, not political, level. "I am not trying to change anything," she said. "I am only trying to live my love. Let us do something beautiful for God."

That devotion had informed her decisions ever since she accepted her call to the religious life at 18 in Skopje—now in Macedonia—where she grew up the youngest of three children born to a prosperous contractor and importer. After her father died when she was 9, the family lost its money and her mother, forced to take in sewing, became even more devout in her own Catholic faith. Taking young Agnes on her rounds visiting the sick and needy, she helped shape her daughter's later vocation. But inspired by classroom tales of missionaries in India, Agnes set her heart on joining the Irish order of the Sisters of Loreto, known for their work there. At 18, after two months at their

The world mourns
the Albanian nun
who devoted herself
to helping the
poorest of the poor



'She has left her mark on the history of this century'

Dublin headquarters, she set out to teach history and geography at St. Mary's, the order's high school for girls in Calcutta, where she later became principal—and ultimately an Indian citizen.

In Petri's film, the Larris were women in pink in areas that during her two decades with them, Sister Teresa as she was known, showed neither exceptional intelligence nor unusual piety. But unlike others in the convent's oasis of manicured gardens, she looked out her bedroom window and could not resign herself to the tableau of human misery unfolding daily in the slums of Calcutta. On September 10, 1946, while travelling by train to a retreat in the mountains of Darjeeling, she received what she termed her "call within a call"—to work with the poorest of the poor. Four years later, after her implacable efforts finally won her an exceptional papal order of "acknowledgment"—allowing her to work independently—she set out into the city streets with only three months' medical training, no money or plan—but with the phrase that would become her guiding dogma: "God will provide."

Given the honors since heaped upon her, it seems difficult to

With the Pope in Calcutta, 1946, missionary devotion for official canonization

group her difficult beginnings. Attempting to set up an outdoor school in a vacant lot, writing the letters of the Benedictine abbey in the mail, she found herself taunted and sexually abused by children as trying to convert the helpless to Christianity. But in 1950, the city donated a former hotel next a temple to Kali—the Hindu goddess of death and destruction—in her first home for the sick's guests, who had been expelled from the temple with leprosy and left in the streets to die, the hospital suddenly engorged.

That year as the Vatican officially sanctioned her new order, begun with a handful of former students outlined in simple warts of white hamespun cotton edged in blue, her reputation began to spread. With her order originally restricted to women, she insisted that her sisters take the three traditional vows of all nuns—poverty, chastity and obedience. But she added a rigorous fourth—"to give wholeheartedly, free service to the very poorest"—and demanded that the sisters themselves live in poverty with only a simple change of clothes and minimal possessions, including a neral

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**Rescuing a child,
reaching a crisis
in Ottawa, 1985
(left) opposing
nuclear control**

Mother Teresa as a demagogue and a pragmatist for the Vatican's anti-abortion campaign. In elaborate detail, Wittchen chronicled the fact that she had accepted honors from the likes of Mikhail Gorbachev, the wife of Haiti's former despot, Jean-Claude

In Guatemala, the governing junta threatened to expatriate her prime time-city mission for a shopping mall, but she doggedly declined their offers of other jobs. And during filming, Petric watched bemused as Mother Teresa confounded then U.S. envoy to the Middle East Philip Habib when he told her she could not enter West Beirut because of shelling. She calmly responded that she knew there would be a ceasefire she had been praying for "Our Lady" for that very thing. The next day, a ceasefire was indeed declared, and she entered the rubble with a convey of four ambulances to rescue dozens of abandoned and handicapped orphans.

But while some saw her as a saint, others had less flattering descriptions. In a blistering 1984 television documentary for Britain's private Channel 4 called *Mother Angel*, and an evening 1985 hour entitled *The Missionary Pin-Head*, *Hardy* *Karr* columnist Christopher Hitchens berated



brush and bucket. In the 1980s, after supporters turned over a lawfully refurbished headquarters in San Francisco to the order, Mother Teresa thanked them politely, then promptly went in and tore up all the expensive carpeting, pens and winter heaters that had been newly installed, insisting that her nuns live equally everywhere in the world.

When Malcolm Muggeridge, the cantankerous British pundit, first met her in 1969, he found himself awestruck, reporting "a shining quality." As he later wrote, "I never met anyone more memorable." Petric concurred: "Her presence is astonishing." But over the years, Mother Teresa consistently countered attempts to romanticize her with cheap single-mindedness in the pursuit of her work. In 1984, Pope Paul VI bestowed on her a white Lincoln limousine that had been presented to him during a congress in Bombay. She promptly refused it all—and with the nearly \$100,000 in proceeds, opened Shastinagar, her village for lepers. And when the Indian government gave her a free rail pass, she bedeviled them for the same privileges on a worker, usually offering to work off her passage as a flight attendant.

(Bobby Dool), and a \$1.35-million donation from Charles Keating Jr., an American savings and loan tycoon convicted in 1993 of fraud and racketeering. But she refused to answer the charges. And nearly a decade earlier, in Petric's film, she had explained that if God takes away your good name, you accept it. If you're on the street, you accept being at the street. Sometimes that's how it is—everything is taken away from you."

Now, without her overwhelming presence, her order will find it more difficult to ignore such criticisms—or even to reap such publicity and public largesse. And some of her followers are more determined than ever to tackle the root causes of poverty rather than administer Band-Aids. Certainly, whatever direction the Sisters of Charity choose to reap, the order will never be the same. Then again, as Petric points out: "There will never be another Mother Teresa. But her message remains in the work she always told people who wanted to come to India to do the work she laid out—in a shirt with their own lambs. She taught that the poorest countries in the world were not the developing nations but the United States and Canada—because of the lack of love." □

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Survivors of Jerusalem bombings:
'Death, death and more death'

ings played into Netanyahu's hands. Before Albright's mission, the Americans had tried to convince him that Arafat's security services were cooperating in the Kabb against the violent enemies of the 1983 Oslo peace agreement. Having stubbornly disagreed, the Israelis can now point to the carnage to bolster their argument. But this still leaves open the question of what step to take next. For some Israelis, the answer lies in tightening the economic noose that is already around Arafat's neck with more stringent border controls and tougher sanctions by Israel and the United States, both of which are already withholding funds earmarked for the Palestinian Authority.

More moderate Israeli voices, however, accuse Netanyahu of resorting to headline ideology that is fundamentally counterproductive. "We should demand that the Palestinians fight terrorism vigorously," agreed the opposition Labour Party's Shmuel Benin, one of the architects of the Oslo accords. "But on the other hand we should help them create the appropriate atmosphere. That means not to withhold their tax revenues and not to stop the negotiations." Arafat cannot fight terrorism, said Benin, if the Palestinians in the street support Hamas, the anti-Semitic group that claimed responsibility for the bombings. "And," he added, "the street is with Hamas if Israeli policy does not give hope to the Palestinian people."

Now, many Israelis expect Albright to focus on the urgent issue of re-establishing security, rather than on the thorny problem of the pace of Israeli withdrawal of territory to the Palestinians. As for Arafat, the Jerusalem bombings have seriously undermined his negotiating position. While the Palestinian leader condemned the attack, he had publicly embraced Hamas leaders at a mass rally in a show of "solidarity" only two days earlier. "He kisses and hugs them," railed Netanyahu, "and the message they get from that is very clear—that they can operate in areas under his control."

As leaders on both sides weighed the political fallout from the latest suicide bombings, shoplifter Yasser Hakeim swished blood from the floor of his hardware store on Ben Yehuda Street. "Enough already," he sighed. "How much longer can we go on like this? Death, death and more death." Last week's events held no promise of relief.

BARNEY CAME with **ERIC** SILVER in Jerusalem

WORLD ■ ISRAEL

A strained peace

As usual, the explosions were perfectly timed, three murderous, mother-of-iron blasts that wrecked what did for more than weeks have to a busy Jerusalem street. The synchronized suicide bombings claimed seven lives, and less than 12 hours later Israeli and Palestinian were once again locked in a familiar cycle of escalating violence. Israeli troops hunched a counterstrike deep into Lebanon, only to run headlong into an ambush that killed 11 Israeli commandos. On the eve of U.S. Secretary of State Madeline Albright's first official visit to the region, the two events severely strained the already fragile Israeli-Palestinian peace process.

On her two-day, six-million tour scheduled to begin this week, Albright will encounter a turbulent Israeli government, in no mood for dealing with Yasser Arafat's Palestinian Authority. "We can't have a situation where we are required to give up more territory to the Palestinian Authority at a time when they are not fighting terror," declared Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, sounding perfectly poised to cancelling Israel's commitment to the step-by-step peace process. "If we gave up more territory, that too would be used as a base for attacks."

The bombs exploded at 3:00 p.m. on Thursday, when crowds thronged the trendy boutiques and outdoor cafes that line tree-shaded Ben Yehuda pedestrian mall in West Jerusalem. The street was

packed with tourists and locals shopping and sitting in the cafes," recalled Yaela Hassen, owner of a gift shop 300 m from where three suicide bombers, apparently within sight of each other, detonated themselves in rapid succession, killing four young Israelis. "When the bombs went off, there was total panic. People were running and screaming. I saw blood everywhere and dazed-looking bodies."

The next day, Israeli dismay heightened as word spread of a costly Lebanese suicide attack. A naval commando force that landed south of the port of Sidon soon after midnight fell into a Hezbollah ambush and lost 11 fighters in a heavy exchange of fire—Israel's highest death toll in a single confrontation in more than a decade. Two Lebanese civilians were killed and 22 and dozens and civilians wounded in the clash.

When he met the press that afternoon, a grim-faced Netanyahu could say only that the causes of the disaster were being investigated and lessons would be learned. But the attack gave new impetus to a debate, encompassing all sides of the political arena, over whether Israeli troops should still be in Lebanon, where they patrol a narrow "security strip" 12 years after they pulled out of the rest of the country they invaded in 1982.

In one tragic sense, the Jerusalem bomb-

**New violence
severely tests
the Middle
East accord**

they get from that is very clear—that they can operate in areas under his control."

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World NOTES

CRASH IN CAMBODIA

An 18-month-old Thai boy and a Vietnamese child were the only survivors after a Vietnamese Airlines jet crashed during landing in Cambodia's coastal Plover Penn, killing 64 people. Most victims were from South Korea and Taiwan. Ottawa confirmed one Canadian was aboard, but said relatives asked that no information be released.

CANADIAN CONVICTED

A Malaysian judge sentenced a Canadian journalist working as a correspondent in Southeast Asia to three months in jail for contempt of the judiciary. Murray Heibert, 47, a native of Steinbach, Man., was convicted for writing in the *Far Eastern Economic Review* that a suspect by a judge's wife appeared to move quickly through the court system. Heibert posted \$70,000 bail to stay out of jail pending an appeal; in addition to \$50,000 he had put up before his conviction.

MISSING NUKES?

The Russian military has lost track of more than 100 suitcase-sized nuclear bombs, according to former Russian national security adviser Alexander Lebed. The outspoken former general, ousted last year in a power struggle, told U.S. congressmen the portable weapons were ideal for terrorists. However, Moscow officials denied any were missing, and a state department spokesman said Washington accepted there was no cause for concern.

DISSIDENT FREED

Vietnam released one of its most prominent political prisoners in a move that diplomats hoped signalled a more open approach to human rights in the country. Pham Sinh Khanh, 46, had been imprisoned since 1980 as one of a group of southern intellectuals who circulated a pro-democracy newsletter called *Democratic Front*. He was due to join his wife and children in San Francisco.

STADIUM DISASTER

A rocky stadium in Paraguay collapsed amid strong winds, killing at least 38 people who had gathered for an soccer rally. More than 300 were injured. Victims had no way to escape as the structure collapsed around them. The makeshift building, located thousands of feet from the stadium, had been put up only a week earlier.



BACK TO GREECE:

jubilant youths in Athens were among thousands across Greece who held mass street parties after the country won the contest to host the 2004 summer Olympic Games. The first Olympics were held in Greece in 1776 B.C., and they were revived in Athens in 1896. Greece felt betrayed when the International Olympic Committee gave the 1994 Centennial Games to Atlanta and then granted the first games of the new millennium to Sydney, Australia. This time, Rome, Buenos Aires, Stockholm and Cape Town lost out. Greek officials insisted two anti-Olympic firebomb attacks in Athens last week posed no security risk.

A deadly bombing in Havana

It's a tragic turn that raised fears for Cuba's tourism industry, a Montreal-based businesswoman became the first person to die in a government-ordered wave of bomb attacks on hotels in Havana. Fabio di Celmo, 32, a native of Greece, Italy, who was visiting Havana as a sales representative, had his throat cut by a flying sheet of plaster after an explosion at a bar in the Capotevitas Hotel. On the same day, there were smaller blasts in two other downtown hotels—the Chateau and the Tintin—as well as at La Bodeguita del Medio restaurant, a legendary haunt of Ernest Hemingway.

The Cuban government blamed the United States for sponsoring "terrorism" aimed at de-

stroying the island's burgeoning tourist industry. In Miami, a radical civil group known as Alpha 60 said it is in combat with dissidents in Cuba who carried out the attacks in order to destabilize Fidel Castro's Communist government. American academics have suggested that people quite high in the Cuban regime could be responsible, since few others would have access to explosives or operate easily in tourist areas. In the past two months, tourists have gone off at Havana's Miraflores, Nacional and Capri hotels and at a Cuban tourist office in the Bahamas. Canadians make up a large portion of Cuba's visitors, expected to reach one million this year.

Al Gore accused in campaign cash scandal

Republican senators straggled up efforts to discredit U.S. Vice-President Al Gore over a 1996 California luncheon at a Buddhist temple that raised \$140,000 for the Democratic party. Soliciting campaign funds at a religious institution is unlawful. There were also allegations that donors were illegally reimbursed by the temple. Teething before a Senate probe of campaign finance abuses in the 2000 presidential race, two Buddhist monks admitted they had skimmed and altered documents since Gore's entrance because contradictory, a lawsuit announced last month. Gore has denied knowing that the lunch was more than a chance to build relations with Asian Americans.

People

Edited by
BARBARA WICKENS

Talking the talk

If radio talk-show host **Jane Houten** ever had doubts about moving to TV, they should be assuaged by now. When *Jane Houten Live* premiered on Hamilton-based CHCH-TV in August, 1985, she had all ready been a popular and critically acclaimed host and interviewer on radio for 15 years, one of two Toronto radio stations CFRB. After just one year, the phase-in TV show got a national foray, moving to the specialty cable channel WTN (Women's Television Network). The 1 p.m. weekday show, which was rebroadcast at 7 p.m., has had such strong ratings that, starting this week, *Jane Houten Live* moves to the much more coveted time slot at 5 p.m. (Eastern time). Even though that puts her head-to-head with the day's major newscasts in Ontario and Quebec, Houten, 42, is excited by the challenge. That's because the potential audience is so much larger. And so is the potential pool of guests, since touring celebrities are often in greater demand Monday. Already, the move seems to have paid off. Her first guest of the new season is actress **Mary McCormack**, who seldom appears on talk shows. Says Houten, "Everything has gone so well, it's a OK. Let's lock it and see how far we can go with it."

The talk show does hope the show's time change will pay dividends in her personal life as well. Houten is married to **Chris Albrecht**, 41, producer and pub-



Houten: "Other people are really afraid of going live, but we love it."

licity director for Electric Entertainment, the production company that she and her partner, **Paul Osborn**, own. The couple has two children, **Ambler**, 14, and **Skylar**, 9. For most of their young lives, Houten was working before they were up in the morning. "Now, I'll be able to serve them breakfast and get them out the door," she says. "And I can actually go on a school trip!" Not that Houten has a lot of spare time. In addition to her own show, she is involved in varying degrees in all of Electric Entertainment's programs. They include *Dorcas on Call*, another daily phase-in show on WTN, with Dr. **Houman Polissar** answering health-related questions, and *Lanahan*, celebrity interviewer **Brian Linehan**'s weekly program on the WIC Television Network. New to the mix is *Jeans on Line*, which premieres on WK on Sept. 30 with fashion journalist **Pia Rodwell** getting over-the-top questions. And with other new specialty cable channels coming on stream this fall, the company has other projects for live shows in development. "Other people are really afraid of going live, but we love it," says Houten. "You just never know what is going to happen."

Tunes with a 'Newfie' attitude

When is a donkey not a donkey? When it's the subject of a **Great Big Sea** song. Posing and proud of its heritage, the acoustic Celtic-pop group keeps Newfoundland location alive and well on its new album, *Play*. The sea shanty *Donkey Riding* is not about the four-legged beast but rather a wench for lifting anchors or hoisting sails, explains multi-instrumentalist **Bob Hallett**, 30. And the lyrics contain plenty of other expressions to bewilder mainland Canadian brows. But if Hallett, guitarist **Alan Doyle**, 27, bassist **David Power**, 26, and **Sean McCann**, 23, who plays the bodhran, a handheld Celtic drum made of goatskin—currently in the middle of a two-month long tour—had their way, things like jig and "what are you up to?" would be as much a part of the language as polka and turlin.

In league with the band's previous CD, 1992's *Up*, the new album, which has sold 100,000 copies since its May release, is a mix of 16 traditional and original songs, including a joyous version of *REM*'s *End of the World*. Says Doyle: "It's in line with the Newfie attitude of being blindly happy even when times are tough."



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The long shadow of war

Journalist **Sharon Webster** says that *Jeopardy* on his first book, *Aftermath: The Burdens of War*, was true south of fault line he has war zone. The work, which last week won Canada's Lionel Gelber Prize for outstanding nonfiction on global issues, is a collection of disturbing essays about how war continues to devastate civilian lives long after the soldiers have gone. Webster started his research in 1994 in France, where millions of tonnes of unexploded bombs left in the ground after the First World War still kill and maim dozens each year. He also visited modern battlefields in countries including Russia, Vietnam and Kuwait, where land mines from the Gulf War left the desert uninhabitable.

Webster, 36, who lives in Charleston, S.C., with his wife, Janet, says the birth of their second child in 1995 in the middle of his reporting helped him maintain some perspective. The nightmares, he added, finally dropped about nine months ago. And now, with his Gelber—the \$50,000 prize named for the Canadian special envoy who died in 1988—there is major appreciation of his theme. But Webster does not think he can ever write about land mines again. "I'm no longer objective," he explains. "I have become an advocate for the cause of banning them."

Houten: "no longer objective"



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FOREVER DIANA

A 24-page
Retrospective:
Memories of a
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*Goodbye England's rose;
may you ever grow in our hearts.
You were the grace that placed itself
where lives were torn apart.*

—from *Candle in the Wind*, sung by Elton John,
Westminster Abbey, Sept. 6, 1997



From the Heart

Britain buries Diana amid tears and controversy

BY JOE CHIDLEY

It was unusual for London—there was not a cloud in the sky. It had rained often during the week, but on Saturday the darkness, the glooms, was within the hearts and minds of those lined up outside Kensington Palace. An hour before the single gun carriage bearing the coffin of Diana, Princess of Wales, was due to emerge from the palace gates, thousands of people, most dressed in black, lined Kensington Road to queues 20 or 30 deep. There were postulations of woe: the cry of a baby, hungry after waiting hours with its parents; the noise of security helicopters circling overhead; the full-throated adoration from a middle-aged mother to a press photographer working the crowd. "On your bike, Charlie!" But even when the carriage passed, there were only a few who wept. Most striving, on a street normally filled with conversation and traffic noise, was the silence.

For much of the funeral, broadcast to more than 60 countries and an estimated 2.5 billion TV viewers—nearly half the world—Britain was in "mass unison in grief and respect," as Queen Elizabeth II put it in the evening before in a rare televised address. As the carriage—pulled by the King's Troop, the Royal Horse Artillery, and surrounded by a bearer party of 12 from the Welsh Guards—moved at a slow pace along London's streets, the scope of lining among the hundreds of thousands who picked the six-block route from Kensington Palace to Westminster Abbey was palpable. At the halfway point, Pall Mall, more than 500 civilians, representatives of the 100-gun charities that Diana patronized during her life, fell in behind—most in casual dress, many in wheelchairs or using canes. There, too, princes William and Harry, aged 15 and 12, joined in, walking behind the gun carriage with their father, Prince Charles, grandfather Prince Philip and uncle Earl Spencer, a flower arrangement on the hearse carried an envelope with the single word "Mammy," handwritten by one of the boys. And as the cortege approached Buckingham Palace, the Queen and other members of the Royal Family came out to the street to pay silent tribute to Diana, killed at 35 in a devastating car crash in Paris last year.

Her final rites lacked many of the formal trappings of a royal funeral—Diana, after all,



Earl Spencer, prince William, Harry and Charles: Diana's casket moves through London (right) near release in the streets



had been stripped of her demerits as "Her Royal Highness" upon divorcing Charles last year. Instead, the funeral procession, like the ceremony inside Westminster Abbey, was a mixture of pomp and pop culture that seemed to fit the woman who had been both a royal and a rebel, an upper-class girl turned world-class celebrity. The week had doubled walked with the tears to the throne, the Queen stood with her subjects in mourning. Following a segment of Verdi's *Agnus Dei*, Elton John sang a special version of *Candle in the Wind*, the words adapted to Diana's memory, that left her sons William and Harry—and many other mourners—in tears.

Carefully planned by Buckingham Palace and the Spenceres, the ceremony and procession embraced Diana as the "people's princess, queen of the people's hearts." As she was primed in the Abbey by family and clergy, there was an undeniable enthusiasm. "To me, it was a rare, remarkable experience to be part of," said Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Austin, who of fictionally represented Canada at the event, and



Elton John sings a special *Candle in the Wind*, a tribute to a structure of pomp and pop culture

who had worked with Diana on the campaign to ban land mines. "More than anything, there was a sense of healing."

But there was also controversy. Being to deliver a tribute to his sister, Earl Spencer—sadly and startlingly—wrote the whole orchestral show. It began when Spencer took a subtle but unmistakable shot at the Queen, saying that Diana "lived in the past year that she needed no royal title in order to generate her particular brand of magic." Then Spencer—who personally sought and obtained an assurance from the editors of London's leading tabloids that they would not attend the ceremony—renewed his attacks on the media, whom he clearly held culpable for his sister's death. Their assault on Diana, he said, had made him consider seeking refuge from England. And he expressed his flames over their motives. "My own and only expla-



Spencer delivering the eulogy, the easiest job at Westminster Abbey: striking the media—and the monarchy

"Diana was the very essence of compassion, of duty, of style, of beauty. All over the world, she was a symbol of selfless humanity. All over the world, a standard bearer for the rights of the truly downtrodden, a very British girl who transcended nationality. Someone with a natural ability who was classless and who proved in the past year that she needed no royal title to continue to generate her particular brand of magic."

"I don't think she ever understood why her genuinely good intentions were smothered at by the media, why there appeared to be a permanent quest on their behalf to bring her down. It is baffling. My own and only explanation is that genuine goodness is threatening to those at the opposite end of the moral spectrum."

"She would want us today to pledge ourselves to protecting her beloved boys, William and Harry, from a similar fate and I do so here, Diana, on your behalf. We will not allow them to suffer the anguish that regularly drove you to fearful despair."

—Earl Spencer, Sept. 6, 1997

sation," he added, "is that genuine goodness is threatening to those at the opposite end of the moral spectrum."

Spencer, 33, then turned his remarks to the princes William and Harry, and vented into even more controversial territory. Pledging that the Spenceres—Diana's "blood family," he emphasized—would ensure that his children would be brought up in keeping with their standing as potential kings, he also vowed, addressing himself to his older son, that "we will not allow them to suffer the anguish that regularly drove you to fearful despair." The family he said, will see that the children "experience as many difficult aspects of life as they can"—not just the confusion of palace and protocol. "So first," he added, again addressing Diana, "their sons are not simply immersed by duty and tradition, but can step openly as you pleased."

In more reverent times, no one would ever have criticized the monarchy—even implicitly—in the presence of the leader of the Church of England. But among the thousands of common folk assembled outside, Spencer's comments clearly struck a deep chord. And as he tearfully concluded his speech with homage to "the unique, the complex, the extraordinary and irreplaceable Diana," another unprecedented thing happened: the crowd beyond the cathedral's ornate doors broke into applause, and a cheer like a wave into the Abbey itself, where mourners at the back of the congregation began to clap as well.

Applause at a funeral? Unthinkable. Yet it was a week in which the once-unthinkable became the order of the day. In fact, Spencer's speech was completely in sync with the public mood. He galvanized emotions that the clear majority of Britons had been expressing all week—and not always in subdued tones. One was lingering anger at the press, whom many still blame for the deaths of Diana and her boyfriend, millionaire Dodi Al Fayed—even as French authorities continued to sift through the evidence to try to determine what really happened that tragic Paris night.

More telling, Spencer also gave an unintended voice to widespread dissatisfaction with the Royal Family's behavior during the week of mourning. Many felt they had snubbed Diana in death as they had in life—too absorbed with protocol and out of touch with the extent of the public's grief. "Has the House of Windsor got a heart?" the *Daily Mail* had asked on Thursday, while *The Mirror* implored the Queen: "Speak to us like humans." When the royalists finally did respond—by doubling the traditional route and deciding to fly the Union Jack at halfmast at Buckingham Palace on the day of the funeral, and with the Queen giving her beloved white—many Britons saw it as too little, too late. "I think they've been just selfish," the Queen could have done a lot more in the beginning," said Stuart Coleman, a Birmingham office worker who had been working Friday night at home from Westminster

Abbey to watch it a funeral in the morning. "And Charles' Daughter."

The question now is whether Diana's funeral truly marked the beginning of the healing process, or whether any ceremony or symbolism can assuage such an extraordinary outpouring. The emotion—over Diana's death and the royal response—ran so deep that they shocked even veteran diarists. "It's almost a kind of hysteria," said Ingrid Seward, editor-in-chief of *Majesty* magazine. "We've never had this before." The mass grieving—as more than one commentator pointed out, often with a touch of despair—put the lie to the Brits' famed stiff upper lip. That cliché appeared not only quashed last week, it positively drooped. And without meet the usual standards of polite news, and much of the protest by which the British monarchy has so long lived and died.

It was, in essence, a clash of cultures that had long been smothering the solemnity of the royal, whose repression of feeling now hardened in the



On the casket, an envelope marked "Mummy" sat in grief and respect.

fires of the 1980s, and Diana's 1980-generation sentiment, a sentiment in which the greatest virtue is love. In the week leading up to Diana's funeral, Britain underwent a riot not only be called a revolution—based not on politics or economic theory, but rather on feeling. And however it plays out, Britain will never be the same.

Sitting in a doorway near Westminster Abbey last Thursday, 39-year-old Amanda Dennis said she had to convince her 16-year-old Steven Campbell, 16, to come with her on the 550-km drive to London from her home town of Glasgow. But she knew from the moment she heard news of Diana's death that she had to make the trip. She saw Diana from a distance once, on one of the princess's trips to Scotland five years ago, she said. And to honor her memory, carrying out on the street for a night is a small price to pay. "She was a phenomenon. I'm kind of uncomfortable talking about her," said Dennis, eyes watering behind her thick glasses. "She was the princess of my heart."

Mourning for Diana began within minutes of news of her death on Aug. 30, when hundreds of Londoners gathered at Diana's Kensington Palace home, leaving no gifts and simple flower arrangements, particularly white lilies, the princess's favorite. As the week went on, the patch of doct tributes literally



Crowding the departing hearse as it heads for Alibon, William, Harry and Charles wait the service (left). The question was whether any ceremony or symbolism could assuage such an extraordinary outpouring.

Monarch—must accompanied by notes of remembrance for Diana and of sympathy for the two young princesses, and all still wrapped in Britain's placid, nursing the news the nickname: "the coffinage walk." By noon on a sunny Thursday, the ring of flowers lining the Kensington Palace fence extended all the way from the gates to the statue of Queen Victoria about 500 m to the north, by five in the afternoon, it had crept northwards at least the same distance again. The crowd lining up in the hundreds, were quiet, respectful—almost as if they were in the reception line at a family funeral.

If Diana was indeed the people's princess, they were people from around the world. The tributes transcended national borders—evidence both of her popularity as a humanitarian, and of her status as an international entity. Since Prince Roman, where she had recently campaigned against land mines, to Afghanistan and the Philippines, mourners gathered to sign books of condolence and leave flowers. In Moscow, officials for the capital of Plymouth—made unobtainable by the volcanic blasts that have raged the tiny Caribbean island for the past two years—have proposed that the city

when and if it is rebuilt, be renamed "Port Diana."

Canadians proved as well. Recent services following the funeral were held in communities across the country, including Vancouver, B.C., where the Princess of Wales's Own Regiment—of which Diana was colonel-in-chief until her divorce from Charles in 1996—was based. Vancouverites lined up as far as two hours outside the British consulate on Melville Street to sign books of condolence—by Thursday afternoon, they had filled 500 pages, and additional books were opened at the B.C. legislature in Victoria and at Government House, home of B.C. Lt.-Gov. Garry Gordon. Similar books were made available in St. John's, Nfld., Charlottetown, Halifax, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton and Yellowknife, among other Canadian cities. In Toronto, the Princess of Wales Theatre became a Kensington Park-like home to flowers and messages. "Diana brought warmth to the Royal Family," said Allen Demerly, 18, who still recalls watching Diana's 1981 birthday wedding to Charles on TV. "She was the only one that brought the people to the Royal Family. The rest are very cold."

But ironically, the outpourings of emotion were

most prevalent and persistent in England. Outside St. James's Palace, where Diana's body rested after Charles accompanied it from Paris, thousands lined up every day to pen their names and their sentiments into one of the 40 books of condolence—up from the line originally provided. Many stayed overnight, camped out in the cold and the rain, to get a good spot in the queue. For a time, it seemed a capital offense to see even the slightest criticism of Diana, or to question the validity of her mourners' feelings. Some did. Several columnists, like Lynda Lee Potter in the tabloid *Daily Mail*, accused readers "for the prince's sake, don't let Diana be a martyr." Oliver Jones, a clinical psychologist, even suggested on national television that such deep emotions for someone people hardly knew—along with the growing likelihood of the princess—was not only irrational but "voluntary."

Those, however, were clearly minority opinions. "Once the funeral's gone and everything's finished, people will only have regrets about what they didn't do," said Dr. Stephen Palmer, director of London's Centre for Stress Management and a grief counselor. "If people really want to

Outside Buckingham Palace tonight, the Queen and Prince Philip amid the tributes, the signals responded—but many Britons saw their gestures as too little, too late



grieve publicly, they should do it." And thousands did respond in concert, positive ways. By midweek, the Diana Princess of Wales Memorial Fund, set up by Buckingham Palace to co-ordinate donations to the charities she patronized, had already collected more than \$8 million. And the notes left on the "sympathetic walls" around Kensington Palace spoke volumes. "Those you can't see now have many people loved you," read one, placed like many others near a little "Heaven." "Heaven," said another, subscripted with "to her kisses," "has gained another angel."

In the wake of Diana's death on Aug. 31, the villains seemed well-defined; the paparazzi. They had, went the early stories, chased and hounded Diana and boyfriend Al Fayed through the streets of Paris, and that final, fateful second when the Mercedes limousine crashed had been on a concrete pile-up—falling both of them. As Britain mourned, more than one headline-writer made dangling use of the fact that one accused photographer had the last name "Itz." And around the world, the anti-paparazzi sentiment translated into an all-encompassing condemnation of the tabloid press. Actor Tom Cruise and pop star Madonna joined in denouncing its obsession with celebrities' private lives. Issues of some supermarket tabloids were yanked from the shelves of several Canadian and U.S. chain stores. Canada Safety pulled *The National Enquirer*, the largest of the tabloids with a paid circulation of 2.7 million, when its latest issue, which went to press before Diana's death, carried a cover story on her recent Mediterranean vacation with Al Fayed headlined: "Do goes sex mad: I can't get enough."

But in Paris, the picture of events leading up to Diana's death became more blurry by the day: the villains less obvious. Even as French authorities seized on photographers and one motorcycle driver as they could be charged with wrongdoing, the focus of scrutiny fell squarely on the 41-year-old Brian Paul. Two separate postmortem blood tests on Paul showed a concentration of 175 mg/ml, 187 mg/ml of alcohol per 100 ml. of blood—more than three times the legal limit. The evidence—or what was known of it—seemed to suggest that, beyond the paparazzi's alleged recklessness, a deadly combination of circumstance, bad judgment and ill will led to the fatal accident.

What is clear is that when Paul, a former French air force officer, assisted behind the wheel of the Mercedes limousine to take the princess and Al Fayed to his Paris house after dinner at the hotel, the atmosphere around the limo was electric. When the couple were ready to leave around midnight, Al Fayed's chauffeur took his boss's Range Rover and set off in high speed with a trail of photographers in pursuit. Diana and Al Fayed, meanwhile, emerged separately from a rear exit.

With Trevor Rose-Jones, a British bodyguard hired by the Al Fayed family in the front passenger seat, Paul drove the Mercedes down the rue Cambon. As the car wound through the streets, a pack of photographers pursued, driving level and trying to take pictures through the soaked glass. Police sources said some of the firms confiscated from the phoning mobsters showed the driver and the bodyguard answering their tenacious requests as if they were being attacked by crazed fanatics. When Paul passed the eastern end of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, witnesses said, the Mercedes was zigzagging erratically. Then, the driver turned onto the long, straight Champs-Élysées at road that runs along the Seine River—and accelerated hard. By the time the car dipped into the Tunnel de l'Alma, scene of the fatal crash, the fastest photographers were about 150 to be-



Police look at hail-mist over Buckingham Palace, protest

AP/WIDE WORLD



hind, according to eyewitnesses. Survivor Lisa-Jane was the sole occupant to sustain his scuffle, and was also protected by an air bag.

The judge, who arrived first on the scene, changed in a court statement that the photographers gathered around the crash site had displayed "outraged, disgusted" behavior. They got close as a crime scene.

In Somerset, the cops let it wait. Go and get shot at and you'll see what it's like. The second photographers told a different version of events when they were released after spending 48 hours in a Pits and The hostesses' Rosalind Rat—accused by bystanders of moving the princess so she could take a better picture—claimed that he had merely been taking Diana's pulse. When the ambulance arrived, he added, he stood back and let rescuers work. Still later in the week, three more photographers, who had come forward on their own after the accident, could also be charged with manslaughter; and a second evening magazine, Marie-Claire Dorelli, was appointed to assist Judge Peter Stephens in the investigation.

Meanwhile, the Al Fayed family, who had filed a civil suit in the case against the photographers, so have the Spencers, demanded that the driver's body be released for dissection; the body was returned to Paris and then from Paris's British home town of London for more tests. Michael Cole, a spokesman for Harrods, which the Al Fayed family owns, also produced a security videotape from the 19th. In it, Paul can be seen walking for Al Fayed and Diana to finish their dinner; pacing up and down a corridor and apparently—at least according to the Al Fayed family's interpretation—not drink at all. Cole also said the car speedometer was stuck at approximately 210 km/h, as had been claimed. But a police source told *Metline* that it was the "incomplete" photograph—a provisional record designed to be used as a second black box—that had recorded that speed.

No matter who is ultimately blamed for Diana's death, there is no doubt of its impact. Historical companions abound: Marilyn Monroe, John F. Kennedy, Princess Grace of Monaco. But the most lasting legacy of Diana



Grieving: the funeral embraced Diana as 'queen of the people's heart'

Althorp's Lady of the Lake

The two women in their 30s stared out of their car, riding against the "tailwind driver" whose parked white Mercedes covered three-quarters of the narrow village lane a few dozen meters from their homes. The incongruous man and his family were visiting the hamlet of Great Brington to honor the memory of a more famous daughter, Diana, Princess of Wales, a few days before her funeral procession took her back through the village's Sunday But the two women on their way home from a grocery store, were furious. "They should be respectful of the people who live here," said May Parrot, pointing to the offending auto. "Look at this," added her friend Olive Keen. "We can't get into our houses. I fear this is going to be a problem here for a long long time."

Many of her neighbors in the village of detached roofs and winding roads in the rolling hills of Northamptonshire, 130 km north of London, were so worried in Keen. They feared that Diana's funeral on the nearby estate of her family, the Spencers, would turn their pastoral hamlet into another Glastonbury. "This could end up like the 1993 tour," said Mark Newman as he led a brick fence near the church. "It's really busy now. I hope it flies out, but I'm worried it might not. Then what are we going to do?"

In the days leading to the funeral thousands of people flocked to the large, unimpressive local church. St. Mary the Virgin built by the Spencers in 1514, decorated with flowers and related quietly in a square for hours to sign the Book of Candelmas. They were joined by dozens of journalists from all parts of the globe who swarmed through the village of 250 often asking each other for comment before realizing they were talking to another reporter.

While the media would move on once the story faded, locals expected the hundreds of Diana devotees to continue making the pilgrimages for years to come. Not only the public structures in the village are the church, a pub, a post office and a phone booth. There are also public toilets and no parking places for the expected crush of cars and tour buses.

Still, the pressure could have been worse. The original plan had been to place the princess' remains at the vault under the floor of the ancient church, where 20 generations of Spencers have been buried. The day before the funeral, Diana's brother, Charles, the ninth Earl Spencer, announced the family would break tradition and bury her in an island in an ornamental lake on the grounds of the 3,400-hectare family estate, Althorp Park, about a kilometer from Great Brington. "I think he made the change because he felt pressure from the villagers," said Chris Marry, landlord of the heavy-beamed Fox and Hounds pub, which has served beer since 1765. "It's still going to be busy around here, but this will give us some relief."

The island grass is surrounded by trees, some of them planted by Diana and the prince. William and Harry in recent years. The family has promised to open the grounds for several weeks each year for mourners, and a permanent Diana memorial is planned just outside the estate. Last week, though many villagers still complained about the thousands of tourists expected to visit Diana's funeral they readily welcomed her home. "She's an angel, and this is the place for her to be," said Karen. "If the people come, we'll have to make a place for them."

DON MACGILLINWAY in Great Brington

And it seems to me you lived your life like a candle in the wind: never fading with the sunset when the rain set in. And your footsteps will always fall here, among England's greenest hills. Your candle's burned out long before your legend ever will.

—Candle in the Wind



crisis, beyond creating her place in the world's collective memory, may be something uniquely British, and for more historical significance, the end of the monarchy as it has been known for much of this century. Suddenly, she the Queen and other royals—at the urging of Charles, observers say—bowed to public pressure to resign. Diana more openly, was popular his become the dominant voice in Britain.

The question is, can the Royal Family maintain its relevance in the new, touchy-feely post-Diana world—the antithesis of the reserve, decorum and protocol that has defined British royalty for so long? "I never thought this would happen before the Queen Mother died," says Seamus of Midway magazine. "But I think it will happen now—a sort of modernization of the monarchy." Many—surprisingly, not surprisingly, the country's opulence—disagree. "Whatever the Royal Family do, it seems incredible tears," said

Stephen Hawker, leader of the republican Campaign for a Democratic Britain. "Diana's going to become a democratic legend." Now, Diana lies in a secluded grave, so the family estate in Althorp, 128 km north of the city. Her resting place is on an island in an ornamental lake, cut off from shore. There, her children will be able to do something they perhaps have never done: visit her away from the prying eyes of the media, the loss the pressures of her position and celebrity. In that sense, the appearance and departure of white flowers that greeted her husband as he left London were entirely appropriate, like the last standing casket for a returning, beloved person. A celebration, a humanization—and perhaps now more than ever—the queen of the people's heart. Diana always knew how to play a crowd.

With JULIAN NUNDT in Paris and CATHERINE JOHNSON in Toronto



Driver Paul, left, and Al Fayed with arms on Diana in 1992 tape: lawsuits

The Monarchy's Best Hope

The nation embraces Diana's sons

BY RAE CORELLI

He is too young to vote, too young to drive legally, years away from completing his schooling. For a third of his life, he and his younger brother have been part of a broken home, swirling extras in a drama of royal-wed sons and lightning deaths. But last week, in the wake of sudden and immasurable loss, he found himself watched from the wings to centre stage. As millions around the world shared Britain's mourning for the Princess of Wales, palace-watchers had already begun speculating that Diana's 15-year-old son, Prince William, may be the last best hope for a monarchy battered by decades of armchair diatribes and awkward affairs. Two weeks before his mother's death, London's *Daily Express* editorialized: "William showed the spotlight's high single man out in the Royal Family's potential saviour."

Britain's greatest royal drama, enhanced by William and his brother Harry, 13, last week, is an outpouring of compassion and protectiveness—which initially appeared to deepen a growing hostility towards their father, Prince Charles. "He's actually hot and now," said Anthony Holden, author of several books on the Royal Family. "It's unbelievable." The widespread feeling towards Charles has led some commentators to suggest that he yanked the front of the line for the throne to William. David herself said she hoped William, not her adrift and estranged husband, would become king.

Royal biographer Sarah Bradford says, however, although the teenager seemed to have withdrawn his parents' breakup with "remarkable strength," the burden of the monarchy is still a long way from falling on his shoulders. "Nor is it likely that Charles, 50 next year, would easily forgive something he has waited his whole adult life to attain. At the same time, the shy studious William—a workaholic contrast to ruck-dancing, free-wheeling, irreverent Harry—has exhibited an enthusiasm for the job."

But the nation clearly has unbounded enthusiasm for him. That growing affection has been shaped by stories that, crucially, are often more revealing about his parents. In June 1990, William was taken to hospital after being hit on the head by a golf club in boarding school. While he was waiting for an operation to rub out a skull fracture—the basic would take surgery more than an hour—Charles got up and left to host a visiting European delegation. A friend of Diana's said biographer Andrew Martin: "She wasn't surprised. It merely confirmed everything she thought about him."

After the marriage collapsed in 1992, William and Harry were



Prince Charles and Harry, an intrepid skier and restless go-cart driver

elled back and forth between their parents. Diana laughed, patted and laughed with them in public, a demonstrative favourer of the boys. Charles frequently greeted them by solemnly shaking hands.

(While London's *Sunday Express* editorialized last week in an open letter to Charles: "Please, give them a cuddle.") When the boys spent time with their father, he talked of royal history and tradition and hiked with them in the countryside near Balmoral. Sometimes they went fishing or hunting.

Diana, on the other hand, took them on riding expeditions to rivers, on fires and fast-food restaurants. "I will fight for my children on any level in order for them to be happy and have peace of mind," she once said. Because she wanted them to "have an understanding of people's emotions, distress and the work," they visited the hospitals and talked with AIDS victims. Yet William was no stranger to emotion at home. He once pushed paper towels beneath the bathroom door when he heard his mother cry out after a quarrel with Charles.

Media interest in him, blue-eyed William, after Philip Louis Windsor rose sharply when he was crowned at 50-year-old. His college (several tuition: £20,000 a year) in the fall of 1993. In October, the teenage magazine *Seventeen* included a full-color portrait picture of him in a blue blazer—and who knew? "We'd been sitting around thinking he's quite a good-looking lad and has potential as a prince," said editor Kate Thornton. Sales soared again the following May when *Seventeen* included "Love Willy" stickers. The *Weekend* magazine featured William as a "sensation." Another teen magazine, *Love & Friendship*, published the "Top 10 reasons why Prince William is cool." While, as Diana called him, was embarrassed. Friends said 300 students by Scotland Yard detectives he danced at a London nightclub and is reported to have told Diana afterward: "Lots of girls told to kiss me, but I didn't do anything because the cameras are everywhere." He soon stopped going to parties



Prince William: an upstart skater and a profound distaste for the news media

That experience badly increased William's profound distaste for the media, particularly photographers and TV crews, partly because of his innate shyness and partly because of the way they hounded his mother. After the Queen Mother's last party for 80th birthday in June, William walked back to his father's sports car to second-hand his picture taken. On holiday in Spain, he hid behind a beach towel. When the family gathered to celebrate the Queen Mother's 80th birthday earlier this year, he tried to hide in the rear of the group. Ordered to take his place with Charles and Harry, he turned his face away from the camera.

But palace insiders say the brash, energetic Harry has never feared the cameras. Said one: "He takes everything in stride with a smile, nothing fazed him." While William prefers to hide at play team sports, Harry—who worships his older brother—has become an intrepid skier and, at a younger age, a reckless go-cart driver. A more frequent target of reporters, Harry would

with the job, she had learned to handle them deftly—and hoped William would do the same. In a June 23 interview with *Newsweek* magazine editor Tina Brown, she said she wished her older son could acquire the media savvy of John Kennedy Jr. "Johnny began to see William now," she told Brown. "I think he has it. I think he understands. He's happy he'll grow up to be an astronaut so it's John's. I want William to handle things as well as John does."

Next week, William will start his third year at Eton while Harry enters his first year at Ludgrove. They will be cosaled by classmates and counsellors and chaperones. One day, they will need to acknowledge and accept their own celebrity and perhaps employ the polished media know-how of JFK Jr. or their own mother. But for the time being, what they will need most of all is each other.

With PAULA ADAMICK and JERRY SMITH in London

media has critic and run away digging. When family members joked that Harry, a playboy prince in the making, should be given the role that William finds so unappealing, his younger brother laughed: "To lose it?"

For years, according to intimates, Diana got her sons living vastly different lives. "She was very conscious that both had a role to play," said Ross Macdonald, a close friend. "She was grooming Prince Harry to be of support to his brother." But William perhaps saw that relationship the other way around. Only hours before her death, Diana got a phone call from William, upset that a police command to be photographed at Eton would place him unfairly in the spotlight by excluding Harry, a student at Ludgrove school in Berkshire.

William's hostility to the media when the police—and the media, London Daily Telegraph columnist Robert Harman wrote early last week that if photographers were eventually shown to have contributed to Diana's death, "he would blame him for turning his back on them forever." However, added Harman, "for a future king to harbor such a feeling for the public eye could damage the monarchy." In an editorial, the newspaper said that if William feared the media and sought revenge, "all the misery will carry on into another generation with great harm to the country we hope he will rule." Meanwhile, the government-appointed committee that monitors the conduct of Britain's newspapers served notice that it would not tolerate intrusion into tracking of William and Harry. Newspapers agreed among themselves to refrain from the aggressive tactics with which they had pursued Diana.

But if the princess never fully accepted that endless encounters with reporters and photographers went with the job, she had learned to handle them deftly—and hoped William would do the same. In a June 23 interview with *Newsweek* magazine editor Tina Brown, she said she wished her older son could acquire the media savvy of John Kennedy Jr. "Johnny began to see William now," she told Brown. "I think he has it. I think he understands. He's happy he'll grow up to be an astronaut so it's John's. I want William to handle things as well as John does."

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An Icon for All Seasons

Trying to make sense of the Di phenomenon

BY ANDREW PHILLIPS

I may have been the long, long hours of waiting in line, an excess of emotion, or a simple trick of the light. But there came a moment last week when the astonishing outpouring of grief for Diana, Princess of Wales, when some of the solid, down-to-earth Londoners who had gathered up to sign the Book of Condolence in St. James's Palace came out assuring they had seen someone who, well, *anorably* in the top right-hand corner of a portrait of Charles I (the king who lost his head to a hard old republican colonnades in 1649), there appeared an image of Diana herself—wearing a tiara and carrying her lace-trimmed gloves. "I'm not sure I did see it," I said, not so much reluctantly as I said, "It was *Diana*." Her shadow now said to me emerged from the palace: "Someone told you. It's absolutely still on."

This is the sort of thing that, until last week, Britain condescendingly associated with poorer, more emotional, more Catholic countries. Places like Mexico, where ordinary folk flock to mired at weeping images of the Virgin Mary on subway walls, or Argentina, where the people



in London in 1987; with John Travolta at the Reagan White House Gift: words often failed her, but the camera never did.



have also been known to lose their charms to charismatic women (relationships between Diana and Eva Perón were quickly dissolved). It is, most emphatically, not the kind of thing that changes the image the world had of Britain—or, for that matter, that Belton had of themselves. Thus, change it all you want, but it's not going to reach this. The sheer scale of public distress at her passing went so far beyond what might have been predicted that it entered uncharted territory. Was it simply the cult of celebrity taken to new and dizzying heights? Was it so-called New Britain coming of age, or was it, as in a more realistic take to still, really Old Britain? Was it a sign, as London's *Guardian's* editorialist, of a "spiritual yearning for something larger than ourselves"? Just what, in the end, was it about Diana that led Britain and much of the rest of the world to open its emotional veins and bleed to death?



(P) Pakistani last year
ability to teach poe

Yet British Prime Minister Tony Blair's brilliant speech perfectly captured the popular mood—as well as, not incidentally, laying claim to Diana's legacy for New Britain and his own new Labour Party. Despite her obvious flaws—indulged, largely because of her royal status, people's personal and public behavior they clung to her as the person who was the only one who could save the country. That was particularly obvious from the Niagara of grief and affection that filled the streets of London as well as the 41 condolence books (up from the five the palace originally pulled out), newspaper letter columns from Venice to Vancouver, even memorial Internet sites. The tone was more than admiring: it was intensely personal. "Although I didn't know her and had never met her, she was the first British woman I ever loved in London." Another mourner: "Your life had great meaning to me, your happiness was important to me. I never

wanted you to suffer." A third: "Not since JFK has the tragic public passing of a vibrant, charismatic life touched the world so deeply." A man from South Africa: "This marks the most tragic day of my life." The people took possession of Duma after being passive spectators of the unfolding royal asp opera for so long, they leaped onto the stage and allowed the actors' exit.

Then there was the sheer ubiquity of Diana. She was, as we candidly noted, the most photographed woman in the world. This week's issue of *People* magazine marks her 44th appearance on its cover—more than any other person. She has been on the cover of *Madison's* 12 times, and on *Time* and *Newsweek* seven each. While other modern muses of the media connect with voice and video, Diana was the queen of an older but undyingly potent form: the still image. She entered the fashion lexicon in 1977, chiding her detractors for their close, gawping up at her "uppin' that was scandalously unbecomine, vulnerable and alluring." She grew to her beauty, more precisely, her appeal was much that standards of beauty were reduced in her own time. Words often failed her, but the camera never did. She may have been, as the American cultural critic Camille Paglia once noted, "the last of the silent film stars."

Diana did not triumph by glossing over her personal struggles, but by sharing them with the world. This childhood scarred by divorce, the doomed marriage, the eating disorders, the painful and public divorce—all made her more human, more approachable to her public. Women, in particular, related her private grief to their own lives. Prince Charles, the Queen and the other royals suffered their own share of woe.



in Pakistan last year: good work, and an ability to teach people in a personal way.

but in true Habsburgian style they kept it in. Diana let it all out. Even last week, despite the Queen's (re-published) TV address, the royals upheld the traditional British value of the stiff upper lip. Diana deflected focus by building out a new place, the twinkling lower lip. She gave the British permission to kiss, to finally let go—and let go they did in spectacular style. They cried her a cheer. It was a victory for the confessional style in public life. Like U.S. President Bill Clinton, another famous lip-licker, she told the people's pain, and they felt hers.

There was side, of course, her good works. She lent her name and her time to the cause of AIDS patients, the homeless and, most recently, the eradication of land mines. But it was not the public causes that people dwelled on last week. They wanted to know Diana in person, Diana in person, and so there was a stream of testimony from people who had been touched by the princess—often literally (and/or occasionally). A security guard named Vincent Sebastian claimed that Diana actually saved his life when he was a migrant laborer on the street by bringing him food and arranging for a place for him to stay.

Diana's saga was so permeated by media connection. It connected with some of our most powerful images and myths. Paglia—reflecting on her life as presented in the 1990 book that led to the bid off the marriage, Andrew Morton's *Diana: Her True Story*—noted that the tapper into a series of archetypes of womanhood that have deep and enduring cultural roots. She was first seen as a Cuckoo—the shy teenager working at a humble job (cleaner, nursery school teacher) who was swept up by a handsome prince. Soon, she became the Betrayed. Like as Charles resumed his liaison with his old, and current, lover, Camilla Parker Bowles. Surrounded by courtiers intent on breaking her apart and raising her contempt to royal ways, she became the Princess in the Tower, cut off emotionally from Charles and physically from her friends. They jokingly called her the Prisoner of Wales. Her other personas included the Miserable Dollhouse—the sorrowing member of William and Harry, reminiscent of a tea-struck Melancholia—and, of course, the Hollywood Queen of glamor and extravagant gesture.

The images are rich and complex and sometimes contradictory. They wanted to know Diana in person, Diana in person, and so there was a stream of testimony from people who had been touched by the princess—often literally (and/or occasionally). A security guard named Vincent Sebastian claimed that Diana actually saved his life when he was a migrant laborer on the street by bringing him food and arranging for a place for him to stay.

The images are rich and complex and sometimes contradictory.



On her wedding day, the marriage turned into a contest of visibility



With her sons at Hinters Fall in 1991: 'the eternal good woman'

Like other cultural icons, Diana had universal appeal because her public could find in her anything it wanted. There were wistful jokes last week about the canonization of Saint Diana, and of course the modern world likes to think it is beyond such things. But there are, in fact, rich parallels between the living surrounding Diana and the ancient Catholic tradition of the saints. David Hugh Burnet, editor of the *Oxford Dictionary of Saints*, writes that when early Christians began to venerate special people as saints, they were chosen by "popular acclamation." It was only centuries later that the church hierarchy took control, imposing its own strict system for declaring who should be canonized, which continues to this day. And, notes Burnet, a vital part of being a martyr into a saint was that the burial ceremony and veneration at the tomb involved "not only the family, but the whole Christian community." Last week, the crowds in the streets of London refused to let the Royal Family distance her funeral from the public. They claimed it for themselves, feeling the royal to make concession after concession, and so took possession of Diana herself.

Once upon a time, there was a real-life Saint Diana. She was a Dominican nun who died in Italy in the year 1226. Not much is known about her but *The Book of Saints* compiled by Benedictine monks at an abbey in Rainsford, England, notes: "After a very worldly youth, she embraced religion against the wish of her family." If AIDS were and campaigning against land mines are the late-20th century equivalent of getting religion, then the princess in vacancy before the modern Diana was in the ground, some of her admirers were seeing opposition of her. She will remain a force to be reckoned with—even from beyond the grave. □

Reaching Out in Toronto

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

On an unseasonably warm day in late October ten years ago, Diana, the Princess of Wales, paid an extraordinary visit to an elegant 12-bed AIDS hospice in central Toronto known as Casey House. Diana had just begun to venture into the issue of AIDS, then reluctant to much of society, but it was still surprising that she chose to see a hospice full of very ill people rather than some less hot rowing AIDS setting.

While it had been made clear by the Casey House staff that Diana would visit residents at their rooms, it was by no means certain what this meant. On another occasion when a first

minister of health visited Casey House, he entered one room but kept his back turned to the first man in the bed, shuffling up the family instead. It was at this time, despite all the assurances, that people still feared that the AIDS virus could be transmitted by touch, and it was not uncommon for patients to avoid physical contact with their dying children. Media were to be excluded during Diana's visit of the hospice, which is fiercely protective of residents' privacy, but one case, much amplified by the disease but well enough to be out of bed, had volunteered to be part of a single photograph just inside the front door. He was seated, in a state of nervous delight, as Diana swept in, tall and radiant in a dove-colored parka.

A chair left her, if she chose to sit, but he had placed a three-foot distance from the doorway all night. Diana assessed the situation, and then, without a chair closer, and put her hand on his.

I was watching, keeping out of the way and feeling reassured from the giddy excitement that ran through the building. My feelings about Diana were mixed: she seemed for the most part a silly and vain woman, but I did admire her decency in publicly supporting a cause—AIDS—that had few friends in high places in the moment when she moved her chair, however, my reservations evaporated. Good as you, I thought gratefully, as cameras flashes bathed her in glory. In my way, people of Diana seemed close to a man with AIDS gave more information about HIV transmission than a million public health brochures.

With the media gone, Diana moved slowly from room to room, taking her time, sitting on beds and holding the sick person's hand in hers. In the residents' lounge, she encountered an emaciated Kenneth Rose, a former small-town school principal who was smart enough that he had embraced his family that he

was about dying. He was flanked by his daughters, Mary Lou Rose and Nancy Laver, who told the cameras shyly that they both had snapshots of her wedding pictures.

On her way out of Casey House, Diana was approached by Pat Bass, whose son had died in the hospice some time before. Pat, who communicates by sign language, presented a bouquet of flowers and with flying hands said something to the princess. Polly Seapen, a Casey House nurse who signs, prepared to translate but Diana passed the bouquet to someone and signed back. She and Pat had a quick, close conversation and both had a laugh about something others were unsure.

The direct impact of Diana's visit to Casey House is impossible to measure. Attitudinal change about AIDS was shifting long before people acquired more knowledge, and it may have been coincidental that fundraising for the hospice subsequently became vastly easier. What is not in doubt, however, is what Diana did for the Rose family. The daughters returned to their community to find that the chilling disapproval that had surrounded their dad to their father's illness had ended. Neighbors and to hear about the princess seemed to have decided that having a relative in an AIDS hospice was sad, but not shameful.

The biggest transformation was in Kenneth Rose. Diana gave him back his dignity. He had been lethargic and longing for death, but the respect she paid him changed that. He became a man with an appetite and the energy to go for walks. In the short time he had left, he looked whole and at peace.

Since Diana's death, Casey House Hospice has been deluged with flowers, with donations of money, with people signing the condolence book provided in the recreation area. Those who grieve are making a connection with Diana in a way that makes perfect sense: they are carrying on her work.

There is no doubt that the Princess of Wales had done. She could be accessible and her judgment in men wasn't the best. But whatever her conceits, they were harmless, and transparent. The quality in her that millions recognized instinctively and now resort to deeply was her dignity, which carried struggle to live a valuable life. She wanted nothing less than to change the world for the better. And perhaps she did. On that lovely afternoon ten years ago, she made everyone at a small AIDS hospice in Toronto feel worthwhile. That's quite a gift.

June Callwood is a Toronto writer and the founder of Casey House.



The princess at Casey House: people felt worthwhile

A Jet-Setting Don Juan

Like Diana's life in the public eye began as a romantic fantasy, her sudden death alongside a man she adored captured the public imagination as a tragedy to tragedy. In the wake of the Paris auto accident that killed the Princess of Wales and Dodi (Dodi)

Al Fayed, several who knew them came forward to describe a deep love between the two. Diana's friend Richard Kay, a journalist with London's Daily Mirror newspaper, spoke to the princess six hours in late the day and said she was "absolutely happy" with the 42-year-old Egyptian-born playboy. She had planned, he said, to withdraw completely from public life this fall in order to be with him. Supermodel Cindy Crawford confided that the celebrity couple had been dating since late November, although the relationship only became public in August. Crawford said Diana had her in a telephone call the day before the accident. "Dodi's a fantastic man, the finest with love and care," Al Fayed's cousin Elanor Yassin, a cosmeticist, said. Al Fayed had just told him that the two planned to marry.

Then came the apparent disaster. A Paris jeweler revealed that Al Fayed paid \$285,000 for a mourning diamond ring, which he gave Diana at their final dinner at the Ritz hotel owned by his father. The ring was recovered from the crash site and is now at Diana's London home, Kensington Palace. In the sea of flowers and condolence cards outside the palace gates, many took it not only as a sign of the princess, but also as a sign that she gave her the affection and support she apparently never got from her ex-husband, Prince Charles.

Yet a conflict and a culture war, in Al Fayed's eyes. Egypt, reaction to the deaths quickly became entangled in the Muslim world's ambivalence for things about the Christian West. Fayed—now Al Fayed was known in his household—became the star of a frenzied media after just months after his marriage showed him enjoying Diana, the world's most eligible female, on his family's Mediterranean yacht *Justicia*. Suddenly, the jeweler and millionaire film producer became Egypt's own Don Juan. Many in the Arab world were proud that the son of colonial Alexandria-born parents, Al Fayed and Samira Khushgi, late sister of Saudi wheelchair-dealer Adnan Khushgi, might one day be stepping into a British king. Perhaps, they hoped, she would even convert to Dodi Al Fayed's religion at Islam.

The last Aug. 31er crash took those hopes a grievous blow. A small, traditional Muslim funeral for Al Fayed was held that same evening at the Centre London mosque in Regent's Park. He was buried at Brookwood cemetery, 40 miles southwest of London. In Egypt, public grief gave way to a widespread belief that the couple was murdered by anti-Arab forces in the West. Some urged revenge. "The British intelligence service killed them," wrote parliamentarian Cairo writer Amr Moussa in the respected daily newspaper *Al-Ahram*. "They could not let the mother of the future king marry a Muslim Arab." Loyalist strongman Moustafa Gadhafi even accused the British and French secret services of "sabotage" of the accident. Worried as he spoke to *Mediaset* in Alexandria, Fayed's childhood friend, Khaled Al-Mohamed Zaki, said "I don't say no. But the truth will come out. All of Egypt is praying that God may take revenge." Al Fayed relatives in Egypt called the Western media



Al Fayed, claims in Egypt of 'honor' media coverage and an official plot

Dodi stirred passions in life and death

"rich" for going with a woman to the largely lost but brilliant first cousin Basil Ibrahim. "They act as if they are conducting a vendetta against us." That new may have its origins in the bitter experience of Al Fayed's zealous father, Mohamed, an established anglophile who taught London's prestigious Harrods department store in 1965, but continues to feel scorned by the British upper crust. "These people still won't accept a foreigner like me," he complained to *Al-Naba*'s last spring. The elder Al Fayed has gone to vast sums to British charities and even *Parade*, the world's oldest satirical magazine, and the Paris mansion of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. As an old friend of Diana's late father, Sir Spencer, he introduced Dodi to Diana 11 years ago at a polo match where his own team was playing against that of Prince Charles.

But none of this was enough to secure his British citizenship until a 1985 government report on the Harrods takeover said he claimed to be Jewish. "Jews" and "drugs" and two brothers had convinced him that they were worth billions more than they had. (Al Fayed's true source of income was believed to come from representing the nation of Kuwait and Saudi financial inter-

ests.) Underestimated, Al Fayed began channelling money to British MPs whom he ultimately named, creating a "cash-for-questions" scandal that helped seal John Major's Conservative government in last May's election. That merely added to the disdain in which the British upper class seems to hold him. "He's not a player in the City at all," says Christine Langley, an editor at *London Evening Standard*. "He owns a store and a hotel and a few other buildings. Yes, it's glamorous, but it's not real power."

Recently, Al Fayed had come to believe that Diana and his son were made for each other, says London *Goodhouse* columnist Stephen Glover. "Like me, she had been raised by the Tashkashians," Al Fayed told Glover. He may well have been right about some of the bonds uniting the couple. Like Diana, Dodi Al Fayed also grew up in a wealthy broken home, his parents separating within two years of his birth on April 13, 1955. He attended elite schools in Egypt and Switzerland and spent two years at a British military academy. "Email knew very well his future lay in the West," says former classmate Andy Sokolow. He was given a flat in London's exclusive Mayfair district at age 16 and his own Rolls-Royce complete with a chauffeur and bodyguard.

Al Fayed never quite got over his mother's death from cancer 11 years ago, Ibrahim says, adding that he married model Suzanne Georgina on an emotional rebound. The marriage lasted just eight months, but Georgina has only one word to describe Al Fayed: "billionaire." He began to enjoy the life of night-club gladiator. He collected Hollywood, investing in films such as the Oscar-winning *Chaplin* of Pinet, *NX*, *The World According to Garp* and *Hook*. He also earned a reputation for debating on bills, rent and wages, the subjects of at least 10 lawsuits against him.

Intense eyes, his character was widely shaped by the Paris tragedy. "Dodi Al Fayed was by most accounts a courteous and warm-hearted playboy, but a playboy nonetheless," says columnist Glover. Unusually, he adds, Al Fayed "may be found to have been at least for a time a cheerful drive a car more than 100 in a pile through the centre of Paris. It was a wildly irresponsible act."

But in his face, Al Fayed was an aging soldier who lost his youth and indignities both to paragon Diana and shield her from the prying press. He dated on his own, his first love being during her recent Harrods wedding, he even rented a *Sand-Tropic* class for two nights to the young Princess William and Harry could have a night on the town, unobserved. Last week, the Al Fayed family spokesman said Dodi had described a silver platter with a love poem he wrote and signed it under Diana's pillow in his Paris apartment. She, in turn, had given him out of the back of his hand, a gold chain clip marked "With love from Diana." And the outpouring of grief, even in Britain, seemed consoled by the thought that, lived or not, Al Fayed may finally have been Diana's Prince Charming.

NOMI MOORE with ANNA ARNOFF in Cairo and BARRY R. SMITH and ANNA ARNOFF in London

The Lady With a Cause

A prince of humanitarian causes, Diana never stuck with the easy ones. The Princess of Wales evoked children with inspiring colorful photo-ops, doing AIDS and welfare work, and even helped the Red Cross this year. She put her name and prestige behind one of the toughest of all the campaigns championed by Canada, to rid the world of land mines. Laid bare beneath old battlefields—often near villages—the hidden explosives kill or injure an estimated 30,000 people every year, most of them civilians, many of them children. Last week, a few hours after Diana's death, delegates from more than 100 countries assembled in Oslo, Norway to begin negotiating a treaty aimed at banning land mines for good. The 400 participants attended a minute of silence in honor of the dead princess, and some vowed their governments had involvement had convened many governments to send representatives. "It scratched it up a dozen miles," said J. J. Spachardier of the Canadian foreign affairs department's disarmament division. "It just gave it a whole new twist."

Diana's timely intervention was available to this so-called Ottawa Process—the policy introduced by Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy—to reach a treaty banning the manufacture, sale and distribution of non-personal mines by the end of this month before the Ottawa Convention on international conference on the issue last October. Axworthy, who has been nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize for his efforts, ended the meeting by challenging participants to return to Ottawa this December to sign an anti-land mine pact. But the idea quickly ran into opposition from the Canadian government and Britain's non-aligned Conservative government, as well as two key land mine producers, Russia and China. The chances of gaining a comprehensive and effective treaty seemed unlikely—until Diana became involved.

In the nine months before her death, she made three highly public gestures to support the Ottawa Process. Last January she chaired the southern African release of Angola and posed for photos with children who had been maimed by exploding mines. In mid-June, she attended a giddy \$7,000-a-plate Washington fund-raiser and, in a remark aimed at the Clinton administration, said "In the name of humanity, let me tell you that there is no place for a child's place." Three weeks before her death, she toured Bosnia, again posing with youthful victims of exploding mines, although this time much of the media interest focused on her budding relationship with Dodi Al Fayed.

The anti-mine campaign had already been building momentum, said Sir David's trip to Angola was a turning point. Britain's Labour government, elected in May, quickly threw its support behind the Ottawa Process, and the Clinton administration agreed in late August to send representatives to Oslo. The American delegation has stipulated that the United States will not sign the treaty unless it sees South Korea, where US forces have laid thousands of mines near the demilitarized zone separating South and North Korea. Canadian and other officials acknowledge that there will be tough negotiations before the pacting ends on Sept. 19. And whatever document emerges will not apply to Russia, China and India, which are asked to participate in the negotiations. But longtime activists say they are interested in how much progress has been made. "It's not a big victory, but it's a step," says a spokeswoman for the Ottawa Process.

D'ARCY JENSH with correspondence reports



Diana in Angola, giving the issue a 'whole new twist'

Diana's Tragic Choices

BY BARBARA AMIEL

My acquaintance with Diana, Princess of Wales, was not intimate. I didn't belong to that circle of close friends who giggled over long lunches or slipped with her in Paris, or took her desperately worried telephone calls I did share a few quiet evenings with her. And that past summer she came to our house for dinner.

I agreed over whom to seat beside her. To seat her at dinner as many knew, placed next to the guest and guest, working to keep the conversation moving. I assumed she asked her secret diary, and for Diana that meant, jolty chats with not too much to say. They ought to have independent topics, though, because she was high maintenance, and even her \$36-million divorce settlement wasn't going to be enough for all the clothes, houses, staff, holidays and jewels she wanted. This, after all, was a woman who tried to get a private jet in her divorce settlement.

Finally, I came up with a devastatingly good-looking Italian, the CEO of one of Italy's largest companies and arguably Europe's most eligible bachelor. My other choice was a wicked French architect, quite the most devilish man I knew, but not marriage material. When the Princess of Wales agreed, she quickly signed up my seating plan. "He's said to be next in line to take over Fiat," I told her when she saw the Italian name. "Geez," she said. "My hot date for the night." Her attention went entirely to the ineligible Frenchman. The Italian was ignored.

Ironically, this because it tells a little about why she died. The Princess of Wales had questionable judgment when it came to both male companions and her lifestyle. Dodi Al Fayed, her companion in the terrible crash that killed them both, was said to have been a nice man, but he was also a Middle Eastern playboy. Such people are all sorts of pretty things, but while many adjectives are associated with "playboy" or "jetsetter," they rarely include "a nice man," "courageous" or "braguarded." The driver of the car that killed Diana appears to have been drunk and driving at the speed normally associated with the landing of a jet plane. A prudent escort would never have allowed that to happen.

But Diana was hungry for love and luxury, and intellectually she was a lot like a blank sheet of paper. Had her marriage to Prince Charles been a happy one, his interests might well have become her interests. But it was not happy and Diana would not play by royal rules. The shy virgin may have come from an aristocratic background, but she had not been sufficiently trained to submit to the harsh realities of royal life. Charles was not the first prince to have been unfaithful, but Diana was the first female consort who publicly declared to tolerate the situation.

She rejected all the virtues of the Royal Family as well—her still softer lip, her reticence, their dignity in the face of harassment. At the same time, she kept all their restraints so self-centered unpleasantness. And so, the inevitable happened. The Royal Fam-

ily distanced to make their own mark on this new daughter-in-law, and the sheet of white paper that was Diana gradually filled up with the spirit of the times rather than the spirit of the royals. She became a New Age princess who, along with all the many good and wonderful qualities she had, worshipped instant gratification, trendy philosophies and public confessions. She behaved like a daytime TV princess and this was called "rebeling" and "toughness" while the masses saw themselves in her ups and downs.

Her good qualities were powerful. Her beauty was even more startling live than in photographs. In person, unlike in her recent public appearances, she was quick-witted and funny. She worked constantly at building up an alternative image to the Queen's, and she did so with astounding success. Diana understood the people's love of a fairy tale, and her fairy-tale princess was accessible, never locked behind castle walls.

For better or worse, Diana had the kind of personality that related constant feedback. And when you add to it her battle with the House of Windsor, as well as the tragic, sudden and violent death of someone who seemed to have everything going for her—a James Dean or John Kennedy, the result is an outpouring of grief that rightly can turn into mass hysteria. Once mass hysteria strikes, no class of society is exempt from its rich, poor, policemen or assistants.

In a tragedy, such hysteria normally serves a scapegoat. First, it focused on the person. The drinking drove unexpected much of that anger. Now, because of Diana's skills and the Royal Family's impatience with such petty gestures as the removal of her title 1991, the target of anger is the House of Windsor. If only they had looked after her, the feeling seems to be, she wouldn't have been out unprotected in Paris on a Saturday night.

Even those who knew her flaws will miss her like blues. She brought rage into many miserable and hopeless lives. There is none in Britain who can match her gleam. She brightened up the dark Victorian hospitals she visited and sparked standstill as the first heads of the AIDS victims she embraced. Any function she attended, whether in Britain or Belgium, was the place to be.

The time is not yet ripe for a sober evaluation of her life as an examination of all the actions that led up to her death. Good taste and compassion demand a period of mourning and grief both for her and her two children. All we should guard against is letting her tragedy cause additional damage to a free society by becoming the backdrop for damage-control regulations that would be totally unjustified by the facts of her death.

The mystery of the Princess of Wales is that even though not known all her weaknesses, her presence could sweep all doubts away. This woman, balancing on a tightrope high above us, her living out of control in her private life, was answering. When Elton John sang *Goddess in the Wind* at the service, I know that I will try not to cry but I will. Goodnight, Your Royal Highness. Goodbye, Diana.

She had a magic touch, but not with men



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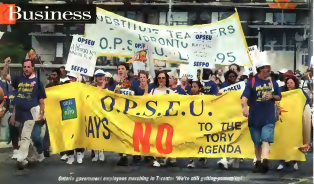
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Labor's rising tide

As the economy improves, unions demand their share

BY JENNIFER WELLS

Darrell Tingley, president of the Canadian Union of Postal Workers, was in his third-floor Bank Street office in Ottawa when he took a call from Russ Hargrove, president of the Canadian Auto Workers union. Hargrove wanted to extend consultations, says Tingley, for "making that fight one of the fights in the table. It's not enough, the fight of the auto workers, it will catch the fancy of the piece workers, it will catch the fancy of the steelworkers. I think the United Parcel Service strike, Tingley started that." Hargrove then put his money where his mouth is, faxing a letter offering CUWP a loan of \$5 million of CAW assets, and more to follow should it be necessary. Hargrove referred to the cash as a "token of our solidarity."

The fight Tingley is referring to is the battle over part-time work rules, more precisely, limiting part-time workers to full-time work. The 185,000 Teamsters at UPS, who struck for 15 days last month, won a major victory in the conversion of 16,000 jobs from part-time to full-time over a five-year period. "I think that caught the imagination of the public," says Tingley. "There are no part-time mortgages. There are no part-time loan payments."

For CUWP, the conversion of 1,500 of its 17,000 part-timers is key to current contract talks with Canada Post Corp. The Crown corporation, says Tingley, "has been unwilling to negotiate in any serious manner" on this and other issues. If the post office does not budge, he says, "we'll be out of the process and we'll be looking for our right to strike in about three weeks' time."

Should the CUWP workers strike, they will be going with neither dues against the tide. "Labor annual appears to be on the rise," a recent

Statistics Canada study on the country's trade union movement revealed. "Following a prolonged 'rolling off' period," the report noted that 3.3 million person-days were lost to strikes or lockouts in 1996, twice as many as in the previous year. The strength in the economy, rising corporate profits and the shifting sentiment away from deficit-reduction and towards worker rewards have hardened the country's climate, and the 3.6 million workers they represent, against the policy goals of the early 1980s. "The unions they are organizing," says Tom Reine, assistant to the western Canadian director for the United Postal and Commercial Workers.

The UFCW is a case in point. On Aug. 28, workers at the Maple Leaf Foods Inc. meat-processing plant in Edmonton returned a 98-per-cent strike vote in spite of management threats to close the plant if workers walk out. Maple Leaf has set a deadline of Sept. 10 for its 640-strong workforce to accept a management's recommendation of a 28-cent-an-hour wage increase, far less than the \$1.50 an hour they are demanding. In June, the UFCW settled for an across-the-board four-per-cent wage increase over five years for 10,000 striking Salsbury workers who had spent 11 weeks walking the picket lines. The union won a guarantee that part-time workers would be assigned a minimum of 13 hours a week and the company dropped its demand for a two-tiered wage system. The strike drew widespread support from Albertanians and Salsbury temporarily lost 70 per cent of its business as the province.

There was an echo of that in the UPS strike, which was backed in U.S. public opinion polls by a margin of 2 to 1. But public support for

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BUSINESS

Sidney and UPS employees does not necessarily translate into support for unions as well, says University of California labor economist Chris Bruce. "In general, people feel lower wage earners should be getting more," he says. "We have gone through a very long period with no real wage gains and we are in a housing economy."

Ken Grogan, president of the U.C. Federation of Labor, says that work and part-time opportunities to share the wealth have put a harder edge on labor demands. The mood among workers is "fervid," he says. "Our goal is to bring it to be, 'Show us the money.' Grogan does not expect any gains to be easily won. "Our people are saying it is time for us to get our dividends. But [the companies] are not saying, 'You made sacrifices so now we're going to give it to you.' They're going to make us fight for it."

The wage gains won by the Teamsters at UPS—a 37 per cent increase over five years for part-time workers, and 16 per cent over the same period for full-timers—were an eye-opening in the conversion of part-time jobs. "That's a significant amount of work," says CUPW's Thadley. "Companies have never been healthier. But now that the workers start to share in that. There'll be no more stonewalling in asking for a decent raise."

U.S. employers have been getting that message loud and clear. In a June cover story, *Nation's Business*, published in Washington by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, sounded a warning that "Big Labor" is back. Unless action is taken on the increase, said the story, in large measure due to the efforts of John Sweeney, president of the AFL-CIO, and his \$40-million budget, sound reasoning, both the political clout and the membership muscle of the federation. The same piece cautioned business to be on the alert, as a more organized trade place could push up wages and benefit costs, which in turn "could not only profit, dividends and stock values." In a front-page article last week, *The New York Times* said that Sweeney is a client at revolutionaries, combined with the UPS settlement, put the labor movement "in its strongest position in nearly a generation."

But there remain huge discrepancies between the U.S. and Canadian labor markets. With unemployment at nine per cent, compared with less than five per cent in the United States, Canadian workers are still struggling with the job insecurity that symbolized the last recession. Wage settlements have risen, collective bargaining agreements averaged 3.7 per cent in the first half of this year compared with 6.9 per cent in each of 1993 and 1994. But the labor market in Canada is not as fluidly segmented as the United States, where shortages of workers in some industries have led to wage up.

And, adds Alex Garguel, deputy chief economist at Statistics Canada, "Because the UPS example has unique characteristics 'UPS may not be a bellwether' he says, citing the company's huge market share, to say nothing of the unrepresentative clout of the mighty Teamsters. Companies caution Garguel not to raise prices if they hope to remain competitive, and can't pass on higher costs to consumers. That puts the focus on increasing productivity and unit sales—rather than just price.

There are many examples of unions choosing less than inflation ver-

ties. Last month, workers at Tesco's Paterson's Overwritten Foods in a supermarket chain in British Columbia struck an agreement that introduced a two-tiered pay structure with lower wages for new part-time hires. In Vancouver, 1,000 state municipal workers remain on strike after rejecting the city's offer of a pay increase in the first year and one per cent in each of the following two years. The workers are asking for two per cent in the contract's first year. "We have fallen behind the consumer price index, and we're way behind private-sector increases," says Connie Crockett, chief negotiator for the Canadian Union of Public Employees, which represents the strikers. Many policies, she says, have been heading to taxpayers about their ability to hold the line on wage settlements in below inflation.

Gert Wilson, president of the Ontario Federation of Labor, hopes



Garbage piling up in Vancouver; outside municipal workers say they have taken behind inflation



SOURCE: BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS

that such appeals to taxpayers are starting to wear thin. "People want to see something that's fair," he says, reflecting on what he believes is the changing psyche of his home province. "We're still getting it out of them, and we have been for the past 15 years," he says. "But we're starting now to show signs of working out of it."

Wilson is currently leading the fight against the Conservative government of Premier Mike Harris over its controversial 10¢ toll highway, which would place a temporary tax on third service workers. "People are beginning to put credibility in the institution of the trade union movement as one of the factors in society that helps to level out the disparity," he says. "There is something different happening here." It's not American-style, he says. Or at least not yet. "In the United States, they're starting to mind it a little. We're just starting to develop a bit of a ripple."

WILL DALLA-BESLER is Calgary and CHRIS WOOD is Vancouver

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Deirdre McMurdy



The Bottom Line

Is the business cycle dead?

In the classic 1972 film *The Godfather*, there is a scene in which Michael Corleone expresses worries about the bloodshed that will inevitably follow his decision to avenge an attack on his father. He reasons at once a trusted but mistaken Clemenza, shrugs: "It has to happen every five years or so anyway," the hit man says "It goes out of the bad blood."

Until recently, a similar attitude has pervaded in the slightly less sinister circles of economic theory. For decades, it was conventional wisdom that history follows first and that every period of prosperity must culminate in a bout of bloodletting. In the current uprising, however, a new theory has gained ground. According to a growing number of Big Thinkers, profound changes in technology, finance, political ideology and employment—as well as the globalization of consumption and production—have conspired to produce the death of the business cycle.

Historically, the cycle has had four distinct phases. First, there is a period of expansion. Then comes recession, often accompanied by capital market volatility, inflation and rising interest rates. That is followed by recession and, eventually, recovery. Proponents of the new theory argue that deregulation and the trend towards a service-based economy have smoothed these peaks and valleys. Information technology and global markets are also key to this new era of stable, sustainable growth.

On the surface, at least, it's a compelling argument. The practical evolution of advanced technology reduces the cost and raises the quality of information available to businesses of all sizes. At the same time, the development of financial derivative products helps to manage and contain capital market risks. For example, companies that produce or consume price-sensitive commodities such as gold, oil or base metals recently hedge their risks by locking in future contracts at the price. The expansion of equity capital markets has also reduced risk.

money can be borrowed from a growing array of sources so that companies and countries are no longer dependent on one source of capital.

Free trade, lower transportation costs and strengthened emerging markets can also play a role in squashing the cycle. Not only is there unmet consumer demand for everything from refrigerators to satellite systems, there is also enhanced flexibility on the production side. Corporations and capital can easily locate wherever they can secure competitive advantage. The increased use of part-time workers has further contributed to flexibility and lower fixed costs.

But as with any theory, flaws become apparent when it is juxtaposed on reality. And the catch with this particular theory is the stock market, where panic fear and greed remain the driving forces.

The stock market tends to behave in a self-referential way because it is the supremely scientific reflection of human nature and collective perceptions. And it's human nature to cling to lessons of the past, long as they may have become irrelevant. For example, although there is little evidence of recession in the North American economy, investors continue to react viscerally to any perceived hint of such a negative indicator. After all, extended periods of growth have historically resulted in inflation, higher interest rates and weakened equity markets.

More than ever before, the stock market has been integrated into economic life. It no longer exists as a parallel universe because so many individuals have invested so much in it through mutual and pension funds. Their views on the health of the economy dictate where billions of dollars are allocated and, increasingly, how corporations are managed. As well as influencing consumer confidence, the stock market helps to fund new business ventures and create jobs.

The more turbulent characteristics of the business cycle may have been subdued but in the end, financial markets—and human nature—thrive on turmoil and, occasionally, bloodshed.

In the end, financial markets thrive on turmoil and, occasionally, bloodshed

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Business NOTES

NICHOL LEAVES COTT

Soft-drink maker Cott Corp. is shutting down the money-losing international food group created by rebranding ventures Dave Nichol. Cott said it has set aside \$6 million to cover the costs of discontinuing its Denbention Products International division. Nichol rose to prominence as the creator of the President's Choice brand for the Loblaw's supermarket chain.

OILPATCH DEAL

Chuvaco Resources Ltd. of Calgary agreed to sell its Canadian and Argentine assets to Dallas-based Pioneer Natural Resources Co. for \$1.3 billion. Chuvaco will hold on to its Alcan oil operations and remain a partner in a proposed \$2.7-billion natural gas pipeline project.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

The CRTC is investigating the price phone companies charge for unlimited numbers. The cost now is as high as \$60, plus \$6.45 a month. Lower rates for unlimited numbers are essential to preserve privacy, the CRTC said.

NURSING HOME EMPIRE

Paul Reichman and his son Barry boosted their stake in Canada's nursing home industry by acquiring Veneo Ltd. of Cambridge, Ont., for \$53 million. The deal makes CPL Long Term Care Real Estate Investment Trust, which is controlled by the Reichmans and Toronto businessman Lawrence Koenig, Canada's second-largest operator of nursing homes.

KEEP ON TRUCKING

Pezzer Inc. will spend \$7.5 million to expand and reorganize heavy-truck assembly plant in the Thriveco, Que. The U.S. firm closed the plant last year after a nine-month strike. Ottawa and Quebec will provide another \$36.3 million in the form of grants and low-interest loans.

MARK'S REJECTS OFFER

Mark's Work Warehouse Ltd. rejected a \$106-million takeover offer from Dynis Ltd. of Toronto, while announcing that it has retained a securities firm to provide advice on a possible sale of the firm. The Calgary-based clothing chain reported record pre-tax profits of \$6.3 million on revenues of \$524 million in 1996 and says its sales are up substantially so far this year.

OECD head defends treaty

Canadians have nothing to fear from a proposed international treaty opening the way for more foreign investment, says the head of the Paris-based Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development. Don Johnston, a former federal Liberal cabinet minister under Pierre Trudeau, said the Multilateral Agreement on Investment will help developing nations and protect Canadian investors abroad. "You have to create conditions that will attract capital," Johnston said. "To do that, you have to have an MAI."

Nationalist groups such as the Council of Canadians say the agreement—now being negotiated in secret by the OECD's 28 member countries—will weaken Canada's culture and economy by making it impossible for governments to favor domestic companies in loan programs or when Crown corporations are privatized. Johnston, however, said signa-



Moreover, post a step towards globalization

ry countries will be able to protect cultural industries such as publishing and broadcasting from the MAI. He added that there will be time to debate the deal publicly when it goes to Parliament for ratification and year

Greyhound grounded

Fifteen months after it took to the skies and shook up established carriers with its discount fares, Calgary-based Greyhound Air announced it will close down in Sept. 21, putting as many as 200 employees out of work. Transportation giant LaSalle Inc. of Burlington, Ont., is pursuing a \$50-million takeover bid for Greyhound Air's parent company, Greyhound Canada Transportation Corp., but says it is not in-

terested in keeping the airline. Despite a successful summer, the discount carrier would have needed financial help to survive the typically slow winter season, said Greyhound Canada president Dick Haisanen. The airline is offering "farewell fares" as low as \$179 for return trips between Toronto and Winnipeg and \$219 between Vancouver and Toronto. Our analyst predicted the gap left by Greyhound will be filled by another airline, but not as fast as summer's tourist season.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

The number of jobs across Canada rose in August for the sixth consecutive month, evidence of the sluggish economy. But the unemployment rate held steady at nine per cent because of an equally strong increase in the number of job seekers. Most of the 54,500 new positions were in Ontario and Alberta.

The increase in unemployment should bolster demand for housing, cars and other big-ticket items. Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. expects new home construction to increase 20

per cent this year over 1996 and another 10 per cent in 1998. Despite the optimistic outlook, Canada's core business bankruptcies are up nine per cent so far this year over 1996.

HOUSING CONSTRUCTION



"The Canadian economy is chugging along!" —Edmund Byrne

"Quebec banks have shut up and the help-wanted index is firm. All signs suggest there are probably going to be more good months than bad months for employment." —Royal Bank

"Evidence that residential construction is on a tear and reports that auto dealers are having a tough time meeting demand add confidence to the view that the economy is on a self-sustaining expansion path." —Canada Trust

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Personal Finance

To lease or to buy?



Shopping for a new car? Leasing may be just around the corner.

David Irving loves wheeling around New Brunswick in his shiny, sleek 1995 Ford Taurus station wagon. And once November, he will enjoy his travels even more in a spiffy new 1995 Taurus. Leasing allows the Fredericton-based financial planner the luxury of driving a near-condition automobile every two years. "It's pretty easy to have a brand-new car," he says. Still, leasing is often not the best deal on four wheels. While Irving has no regrets about his \$500-a-month agreement, the thicket of figures and fine print is most leasing contracts has left many a shopper confused and considerably poorer.

Leasing is a jungle, says Montreal-based consumer advocate Phil Edmonson, author of the *Lease-a-Die* series of car guides. "There's a lot of horror stories."

Unfortunately, for many Canadians the cost of keeping a new vehicle these days can snow-ball more frightening. The average manufacturer's list price of a car or light truck is now \$21,000,

compared with \$18,000 in 1992. One result is that consumers are leasing in droves, lured by the promise of lower monthly payments. But the apparent bargain is often illusory: many end-conscious shoppers actually end up paying more than if they had bought the car in the first place. "Leasing is a bonus for car dealers," says Mohamed Elshamasy, regional director at Toronto's Montreal-based Automobile Protection Association.

The reason is this: in negotiating a lease, consumers typically focus only on the down payment and monthly payments, ignoring other factors that can add thousands of dollars to the dealer's profit. For example, a shopper who intends to buy a car normally tries to negotiate the lowest possible price, but many lease agreements are based on the manufacturer's full suggested list price. In addition, the interest rates that apply to less-than-ideal cars are sometimes higher than those available on bank loans.

Quebec and British Columbia are the only provinces with laws re-

WHEEL DEALS

Percentage of new cars and light trucks that are leased rather than purchased



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—Laurie Thomas, 40



"I've never had anyone like me before. I've always been the outcast of the crowd. I've always been the outcast of the crowd. I've always been the outcast of the crowd."
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quiring full disclosure on leasing agreements. B.C. dealers must state the vehicle's list price, the price at which the lease is calculated and the annual interest rate. The contract must also include the total cost of the lease, the car's purchase price at the end of the agreement (the "residual value" of the vehicle), and information on the consumer's maintenance and service responsibilities. In addition, consumers are guaranteed a 30-day "cooling-off period" during which they can cancel any leasing contract.

In the rest of Canada, auto leasing is largely unregulated. Responding recently to pressure from consumer groups and Canada's banking industry, which is fighting for the right to enter the car-leasing business, most major car makers independently introduced so-called full-disclosure leasing contracts. For now, however, the system remains voluntary.

Effectively, a consumer in Nova Scotia gets the same treatment as someone in B.C., says How Williams, spokesman for the Canadian Automobile Dealers Association in Ottawa. The APW's Beachams disagrees. He says his association has conducted several undercover investigations, which found that most auto dealers still neglect to give their customers all the information necessary to determine whether they are getting a good deal. "It's quite disturbing," says Beachams. "Ninety per cent of the time, you do not get the straight goods."

That said, leasing can make sense in some cases. Generally, if the price of the car is low and the interest rate is low, consumers are almost guaranteed a good deal. Beachams says people can sometimes negotiate a better deal if they first express an interest in buying and then, after bargaining down the price, ask the dealer to trade on a lease based on the lower amount. He also advises paying attention to any additional charges such as administrative fees, which may be negotiable.

Consumers should also beware of any mileage restrictions. Some leasing contracts allow for as little as 16,500 free kilometres a year, after which the driver can be charged as much as 12 cents a kilometre. "If you get a head start on a vehicle, you could pay through the nose," says Beachams. As well, most leases demand that the car be regularly maintained and returned in good condition. "If the vehicle gets dinged, your wallet gets dinged," Lidzarsky says.

The good news for consumers is that stronger leasing laws may be just around the corner. Last year, Ottawa and the provinces agreed to work towards the adoption of a single method for representing the cost of credit in all consumer transactions, including car leasing. Legislation is expected to be in place in all provinces by the fall of 1998, allowing shoppers to readily compare the cost of leasing and buying a vehicle. Having that information would help consumers avoid being taken for a ride.

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Peter C. Newman

A short life that defined a new era

Watching the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales, I was reminded of a passage by John Masefield, one of England's greatest poet laureates, in which he describes the attack fleet of the Royal Navy leaving Mersin, on the Greek island of Larnaka. The mighty fleet of warships was bound for the dramatic invasion of the Turkish coast of Gallipoli, a defining moment of the First World War. "They left the harbour very, very slowly, the tumult of the people's cheering behind a very long time," he wrote. "No one who heard it will ever forget. And those who were left behind in Mersin turned their heads, knowing that they had been for a little time brought near to the heart of things." Diana's funeral had that kind of momentous mood about it. We watched, knowing that what we were seeing was history on the foot, and that this moment would never come again. It was personal grief we felt, not the clinical indifference that most Canadians display for the royals during their staged Canadian tours.

This was the burial of a spirited woman who had survived heavy psychological abuse by her unloved husband, and had triumphed over all odds. She had also fought for such worthy causes as the destruction of land mines, thus turning the publicity she generated to good use. She was the role model that the lesser members of the House of Windsor might have envied—if they possessed the brains or guts to pursue it. The most photographed individual since the ascension of the camera, the Princess of Wales was married not to some cold, distant aristocrat on official placards, but to a spirited presence with looks and charm to burn, who refused to become the sacrificial virgin that the Royal Family insisted on recruiting for Charles.

Apart from his unwillingness to maintain his marriage now, the sometimes goofy prince's greatest failure as heir to the British throne is that he understands nothing about maintaining the nation's essential mystery. In the past, at least, he never stopped talking, whether it was about his sexual adventures when he was in the Royal Navy, or his sexual fantasies with his longtime mistress, Camilla Parker Bowles. "May a thing we'll like to tell him," the British royal watcher Julie Burchill pointedly once wrote. "May a thing he ought to understand. That how do you get him to shut up and listen is any voice sure that of himself and his groupies? How can a man with such huge raw hair so very little?" A good example of Charles's incoherence was his proclamation that modern characters had done more damage to London's skyline than the Luftwaffe during the Second World War. "Really?" asked Burchill. "How many children have London architects burned alive?"

Charles deserves most of the credit for his often inappropriate be-

havior, but he shouldn't bear the brunt of the blame for behaving like an inept child. I clearly recall seeing a documentary on the Royal Family that showed a youthful Elizabeth II arriving home after a lengthy tour abroad. There was the 65-year-old Prince of Wales excited to see her that he was literally jumping up and down in place. Yet the Queen welcomed her joyful little boy by solemnly shaking his hand. It takes several lifetimes to survive such an upbringing. Diana had obviously read the situation correctly and decided that divorce was essential to her survival. She understood that her power flowed not from royal ties or her marriage to the future king, but from her personal popularity, and that this was transferable to real life outside the palace.

It's that connection with reality—Diana's decision to opt out of the essentially phony business of being a royal—that mesmerized so many fans when she was alive, and the reason her funeral attracted such astonishing throngs of mourners. She had reached into our psyches and allowed us to vicariously enjoy her marvelous humanity, her sense of mischief and her magic presence.

To become an icon is a dreadfully permissible undertaking. It is a terrible truth that the price of attaining that questionable status is to die young. Certainly that has been true for most Canadian heroes: the courageous mayor Terry Fox who died in mid-journey at 32, Dr. Norman Bethune, the medical missionary who sacrificed his health in his 40s, helping the Chinese Communist Revolution, or Tom Thomson, the great nature painter who drowned when he was 30, at the height of his career. Diana, Princess of Wales, joins that hallowed company, but her posthumous glory will not save the British monarchy.

The passing of Diana leaves the Queen prevailing over a house of horrors that makes the Addams family values seem refreshing by comparison. One imagines Her Majesty rolling out of her carpeted bed each morning, shrug to her on the telly, as the BBC might be detailing the tragicable act a fiery member has committed with yet another lapline from the same pool. Only the Queen Mother, at 97, still seems emotionally alive and kicking.

Canadians' connection with British royalty has always been more sentimental than constitutional. For generations, the British monarchy was an essential touchstone for Canadians: the ultimate expression of how to behave and remain a symbol of what to believe in. That visible bond relied on a delicate balance of reciprocal illusions that has now been shattered.

With the Princess of Wales dead and buried, we are no longer so thrilled by the royals. Canadians have demanded nothing of the British monarchy except to keep the faith. Diana's funeral eulogized all that, but for Canada to drink that sacred faith of promiscuous mediocrity, still perpetuated to reign over us.



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TAKE the BRIGHT SIDE of the ROAD

The charity industry

Critics call for tighter control of the billions raise or good works

SPECIAL REPORT

BY RAE CORELLI

Donor is on the table and the phone rings. "Good evening," says a cheery voice, "and how are you this evening?" Then try, what do you want? What the caller wants is money—"Can we count on you for \$100? \$20? Fifty?"—for social scenarios, wheelchair basketball players, hearing-impaired or opera companies. Across Canada, multiplying requests of volunteers and paid agents are aggressively hitting the phone, raising donations and using direct mail to pry open the public wallet on behalf of an ever-widening array of charities. (These days, it is not uncommon for a consumer to call back, and sometimes more than once, after being turned down.) Already embracing more than 70,000 organizations, the charity sector rides in a lofty and mostly tax-free \$60 billion every year, making charity a bigger business than agriculture or the automobile industry. And while most charities are legitimate and well-run, some have been accused of substantial savings from waste to outright fraud. "There are problems all over the place," says a Revenue Canada official. "There's always a rotten apple in the barrel."

One explanation behind the rafting search for money is that many charities are trying to provide social services discontinued by budget-slashing governments. At the same time, the void left by these cutbacks has led to the creation of more and more charities—4,000 new ones in the past three years. It has heightened competition for the donor's dollar and made supercomputer operators harder to spot. As a result, critics say Canada should follow the lead of England and most U.S. states by enacting tough new laws to regulate charities and make them more accountable for how they spend their money.

And there are a lot of critics. In a 683-page, two-volume review made public in early June, the Ontario Law Reform Commission, (ignoring the creation of a government body to police the province's charities, said the existing law, rooted in the 18th century, is "inadequate, badly constructed and outdated." The Revenue Canada official, who requested anonymity, said Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia try to keep an eye on charities, but in the other provinces "charities supervision is almost non-existent." In last 1990 report to Parliament, the auditor general said Revenue Canada's rules were so loose that charities that ran afoul of them could avoid a penalty simply by creating a new charity and moving their money into it.

Anyone can set up a charity and ask the public for money. The provinces insist that all the money collected—whether from black-tie benefits or plastic pans on convenience store counters—must be spent on charity, minus reasonable expenses, but enforcement across the country ranges from weak to none. If the charity wants to encourage generosity by offering receipts for which the donor gets a tax credit, it must apply to Revenue Canada for registration. Ottawa's rules are few, the principal one requires registered charities to spend 90 per cent of their receipts on donations on charitable works. As far as Revenue Canada is concerned, what they do with non-registered donations—or any other income, including billions in government grants—is up to them.

There are numerous examples of how easily charitable funds can be either mismanaged or plundered. In 1990,



Tenure bike ride for the heart fund, competition

Toronto social activist and fundraiser Patricia Starr was convicted of criminal breach of trust when tens of thousands of dollars she was responsible for on behalf of the National Council of Jewish Women, a charity, wound up financing the campaigns of Ontario politicians. One national charity allows volunteers to use of local cars on weekends and donors' dollars pay for the gas. In 1995, a British Columbia forensic auditor's report disclosed that \$60,000 in charity funds raised by the Nanaimo Commonwealth Holding Society had been used to pay the expenses of provincial NDP delegates to a Winnipeg convention.

The harshest indictment of the existing safe guards has come from Ontario Liberal MP John Bryden. Last October, Bryden—a former Toronto Star financial writer—presented the Commonsense finance committee with a scathing 80-page report urging drastic reform of the charity field. "Very clearly," he says, "there is a lot of mismanagement and abuse." Not so, the charities have angrily fired back, claiming they are already well-supervised by their

volunteer boards of directors. Chad Bryden, executive director of the Muscular Dystrophy Association of Canada, says charities have always prided accountability "because we want people to understand what we do." And Patrick Johnston, president of the Toronto-based Canadian Centre for Philanthropy, which acts as a clearinghouse for 630 member agencies, 95 per cent of them registered charities, quarrels with the implication of critics like Bryden that the whole field "is full of people on the take."

The areas where this battle is being waged represent a large chunk of the Canadian economy. A 1993 study by Johnston's centre estimated that the nation's charities had assets of about \$110 billion and employed 1.5 million people—12 per cent of the entire workforce. This year, charities, transacted with individual and corporate donations and government grants, will take in nearly twice the combined revenues of manufacturing giants Northern Telecom Ltd., IBM Canada and Alcan Aluminium Ltd. As long ago as 1990, the audited general calculated that business charitable donations—which are dwarfed by the provincial and federal grants, bequests and investment income that charities get—had poured \$2 billion a year, which represented a loss to the federal treasury of \$800 million.

For Canada's charities, collecting money is an expensive business. Of the \$98 million collected by 20 selected health charities in 1995-1996, more than \$25 million went to salaries and administration. Fundraising costs exceeded \$82 million and the organizations claimed to have spent just under \$50 million on charitable activities. The groups also finished the year with more than \$25 million in the bank. Most of them say much of the backlog of surplus has been committed to future research or other programs.

There are charities that champion infants, animals, Christians, trade unions, foreign aid, women and children, the fight against pollution, poverty, smoking, and advocates from promises to schizophrenia. The Consumers Association of Canada and the Canadian Cancer Society are charities. So are the National Association of Cerebral Palsy in India, Ottawa's National Arts Centre, the Victorian Order of Nurses and the Harbourview Volunteer Fire Department of Georgetown County, N.S. What is less commonly known is that the sector also includes such respected institutions as universities, hospitals, museums and places of worship.

But over the entire sector, says Bryden, "billions of dollars are being misused and we wait when the problem will be worse [highlighted with red text]." Meanwhile, an Ontario government charities handbook suggests that the public should be cautious: "The relatively small number of unscrupulous individuals who abuse the public's confidence," it says, "should make all of us vigilant."

The wealthiest charities are those with the largest government grants, mostly hospitals and universities. But in 1995, the beleaguered Canadian Red Cross got two-thirds of its \$230 million in revenue from the public treasury. The smallest char-

Canada MP Bryden.

ASSOCIATIONS OF
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ties are non-and-for-profit entities like the Neurodiversity Society of Ontario, based in Whitchurch, which raised \$50,000 to help victims of the inherited nerve disorder. Then there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of organizations whose entitlement to charity status is less obvious—like the Canadian Society for the Study of Nerves, the Governor General's Post Guard and the American Civil War Reenactment Society. "Not everyone," said Bryden, "is committed to celebrating the virtues of another country."

Unlike business and industry, answerable to stock exchanges, securities commissions, shareholders and the marketplace, charities enjoy relative freedom. In order to attract more money, most choose to register with Revenue Canada so they can issue receipts for tax purposes. But they have to file an annual return to verify, among other things, that they followed the relevant rules. About the worst that Ottawa can do to a charity if it misbehaves—for example, by political lobbying or failing to reach the 50-per-cent threshold—is to revoke its registration (which, incidentally, does not prevent it from staying in business). It is not much of a deterrent. Revenue Canada has the manpower to audit no more than 600 or so charities a year, and only about 25 to 30 are disqualified.

The day-to-day supervision of charities, including what they do with their money, is the responsibility of the provinces. Yet Ottawa, credited with having the best surveillance program in the country, has only a few people in the office of the public trustee to monitor more than 30,000 charities. The trustee's role is to make sure that money donated or bequeathed to charity ends up where it is supposed to, but the office seldom learns of abuses unless someone complains. "We need to be able to pick up on the cases that we now don't know about," says deputy public trustee Jay Chaffin. "We do a good job with the tools we have, but if we had better tools we could do a better job."

In the United States and England, the tools are better—and

tougher. Maryland, for example, has a whistleblower for complaints about charities. In New Hampshire, charities that fail to file financial statements on time can be fined up to \$15,000. And in Connecticut, a judge last March fined a charity \$15,000 for not having filed since 1992. "The United States," says the Revenue Canada official somewhat optimistically, "is way ahead of us in terms of charitable sector regulation." One example: the U.S. Internal Revenue Service can fine charity officials who accept "excessive" salary deals in Canada, there are no limits on the incomes of charity employees but trustees must serve for charge.

In England and Wales, more than 180,000 charities are answerable to the government's Charity Commission, which has the power to investigate abuses of its guidelines for accounting practices, budgets, collections, banking, purchases and investments. A commission publication notes that some charities claim they should be able to operate on trust alone, but that, it concludes, "is not realistic."

The argument for independent regulation is at the heart of Bryden's 10-point drive to have the federal and provincial governments reinstate charity sector. Charities supporters have fought back. During the campaign to defeat the June 2 federal election, five years ago in the south-western Ontario riding of Windsor-Perth, the 56-year-old parliamentarian himself, hounded up against him his Tory opponent. A group calling itself Physicians Concerned About Tobacco Diseases bought a full page ad in the *Ontario Citizen* to denounce his statements with antismoking organizations such as the Canadian Council on Smoking and Health, a charity.

The doctors also paid for a full-page ad in the local weekly *Damian Avenue*, arguing that the MP's "constant negative Canadian charities" was endangering public health. A commercial on a Hamilton radio station produced that "we don't need a threat to public health re-emerging in Ontario." All that intervening, calculates Bryden, cost him about 10,000 votes, although he won comfortably anyway. In a recent interview in his storefront riding office in Windsor, west of Hamilton, Bryden relished his victory and declared himself back on the campaign.

What he basically wants are the two levels of government to do, says Bryden, is follow the regulatory model taken by America and England: Ottawa and the provinces, he says, should collaborate on creating a set of enforceable standards for all charities and "if people are wilfully cheating they ought to go to jail." He says if the 80-per-cent rule is to be retained, there should apply to grants, bequests and investment income, not just neglected donations.

And finally Bryden says, "charity" has to be redefined. At present, Revenue Canada and the courts use the formula devised by a British judge in 1891 that a charity must either relieve poverty, help education or religion, or otherwise benefit the community. The problem with that paradigm, says Bryden, "is that just about anything can be made to fit. Charitable activity should be directed to helping people in need."

Bryden based much of his 1996 report on an examination of about 500 of the financial information returns charities are supposed to file each year. Called T3001s and publicly available from Revenue Canada, these returns are the only window on where charities get their money and how they spend it. As expected T3001s, requesting more numbers, will be used for the 1997 fiscal year. But the rules say the name—a charity cannot advocate or

RANKING 20 CANADIAN HEALTH CHARITIES

CHARITY

TOTAL ANNUAL REVENUE
(last financial year)

PERCENTAGE SPENT
ON CHARITABLE
PROGRAMS

Neurodiversity Society of Ontario	\$14,139	79
Bartholomew Society of Canada	\$1,518,916	77
Canadian Liver Foundation	\$,884,344	77
Canadian Foundation for the Study of Infant Death	\$20,213	71
Brent & Shanks Foundation	\$,343,947	67
Canadian Lung Association	\$,657,861	44
Terrence Donovan Foundation	\$85,793	40
Spina World Association	\$85,347	38
Canadian Cystic Fibrosis Foundation	\$,547,375	37
Canadian Hemophilia Society	\$,343,732	32
Canadian Paediatric Society	\$34,841	32
Bethany Society of Canada	\$,319,612	32
The Asthma Society	\$,358,328	47
Muscular Dystrophy Association	\$,151,692	35
Kelley Foundation of Canada	\$,397,493	43
ALS Society of Canada	\$,349,345	34
Schizophrenia Society of Canada	\$,336,343	34
Ontario Federation for the Cerebral Palsied	\$,320,411	34
Multiple Sclerosis Society of Canada	\$,305,362	34
Cochin & Co. Foundation	\$,304,839	22

Some organizations spend little on real charity

oppose changes in the law, must spend its money "predominantly" on good works, charity administration expenses "reasonable," avoid big salaries and describe in detail what it proposes to do. Revenue Canada says that abbreviated responses, such as "to relieve poverty," will just not do. Yet they are commonplace.

The figures for 1995 furnish some insight into how the charitable sector as a whole interprets words such as "reasonably." To begin with, as many as 1,000 organizations apparently did not file returns at all and got away with it. The roughly 60,000 that did had revenues of \$54 billion of which nearly two-thirds went to charitable programs (although the definition of "charitable" may differ from one charity to the next). Management and administration, together with the salaries of employees not assigned to charitable duties, absorbed an additional \$15 billion.

Individual returns are more revealing. Although Revenue Canada says applicants for registration must submit a detailed statement of purpose, Hepburn for a Stroke Free Canada described its mission in 1993 merely as the "promotion of public health policy." That volunteer fire department in New Scotland had receipts of just over \$82,000 in 1995, but did not say how much it spent on charity. Its mission statement: "to provide fire protection." The Can-Am Indian Friendship Centre of Windsor, Ont., got no donations at all in 1994. Government grants and "in-house recovery" yielded an income of roughly \$4 million, and more than \$600,000 went to salaries.

There are more bizarre examples. The Tulsa, Okla.-based Oklahoma Foundation of Canada raised more than \$150,000 in reported donations in Canada and allocated only \$42,000 to charity—all of it in the United States. Its real mission: "Advancement of Christianity worldwide." Thelma, a Dorval, Que., charity offering unemployment services to adult inmates, took in less than \$325,000 (none of it in donations) and spent it all on management and administration. In Red Deer, Alta., the Quinzly Foundation used tax-exempted donations of nearly \$70,000 to preserve the writings of Thomas P. Quinzly, a 19th-century American clock maker. Charities can also support other charities. In Stouffville, Quack Build Systems, a registered charity, got \$47,000 from the Jehovah's Witnesses to make them furniture.

Across North America, the best-known charities are the ones that fight a wide variety of human ills by funding research, helping victims and educating the public. In the United States, the American Institute of Philanthropy periodically rates these so-called health charities like school exams—A, B, C and so on—and pulls no punches. In its September, 1996 ratings, it gave the National Easter Seal Society a D because it spent too much on fund-raising, and the Shriners an F for keeping too large a surplus. The institute and similar agencies say at least half of a charity's income should be spent on charitable programs. The American Red Cross, the March of Dimes, the American Heart Association, the American Lung Association and the Muscular Dystrophy Association all scored above 75 per cent.

The Revenue Canada reforms covering 20 Canadian health charities filed earlier showed that 12 charities fed half or more of their total income into charitable programs. The tiny Neurofibromatosis Society of Ontario led the pack at 90 per cent, followed by the Huntington Society of Canada and the Canadian Liver Foundation at 77. The Canadian Foundation for the Study of Infant Deaths was fourth with 71 followed by the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Canada with 67. The lowest percentage, the Multiple Sclerosis Society of Canada at 24 per cent and the Crohn's and Colitis Foundation of Canada at 22.

However, cautions the Canadian philanthropy center's Johnston, the Canada's numbers may not tell the whole story. The problem, he says, "is that charitable organizations in this country are operating without any commonly accepted guidelines for how expenditures are accounted for." An expense that one charity assigns to programs might be regarded as an administrative cost by another, he notes. Charities, says Johnston, "are doing what they think makes sense in the absence of rules."

Both he and the Revenue Canada official say there can be national and effective regulation of the charitable sector until a lot more is known about it. "The field has never been seen as an important area of inquiry," Johnston says. Adds the Ottawa tax man: "It's true academics and government at started doing more research on the whole sector." Until that happens, the suppliers of aid and comfort will each have to make up the rules as they go. And charity will continue to begin at home—probably over the phone. □



Greater lab resources: 'Using what makes sense'

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

WHEN CHARITY COMES CALLING

Prospective donors to charity should heed the following suggestions from the Canadian Centre for Philanthropy and the American Institute of Philanthropy:

- ▶ Never give cash. Write a cheque payable to the charity, not the treasurer.
- ▶ Insist that service providers identify themselves and provide the charity's full name and address.
- ▶ Ask if donations are tax-deductible. If

the answer is yes, demand a receipt to verify the charity's name and Revenue Canada registration number.

- ▶ Be wary of mail appeals. Make sure the charity and its purposes are clearly identified.

- ▶ Ask telephone consultants to forward a copy of the charity's annual report.
- ▶ Before accompanying to pictures of starving children or abused animals, ask what proportion of the donation dollar is spent on administration and fundraising.
- ▶ Information about charities is available from government information products offices, Revenue Canada or the Canadian Centre for Philanthropy, 1329 Bay St., Suite 200, Toronto, Ont., M5R 2C4.

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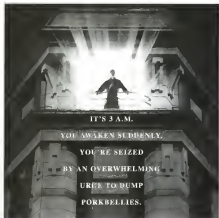
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Health MONITOR



MacKenzie: exploring ways to prevent premature death of nervous-system cells

Brain protection

An Ottawa-based research group may be in the early stages of finding a way to limit the death of brain cells that can disable and kill people afflicted by strokes or such neurodegenerative diseases as Alzheimer's and Parkinson's. Writing in the British journal *Nature Medicine*, the researchers said they successfully prevented cell death in rats that had experienced the equivalent of a stroke in humans. The treatment was based on the work of two Ottawa doctors, Alex MacKenzie and

Robert Kirschik, who reported two years ago that they had identified a protein that appears to protect brain and nervous system cells from premature death. In the latest finding, scientists at Ottawa-based Apoptosis Inc.—a firm set up by MacKenzie and Kirschik—along with other Canadian and Japanese researchers used several methods to increase the amount of the protective protein in the rats' brains. Their overall goal is to find ways of making a similar therapy work on humans.

Thalidomide's return

The thalidomide, a drug that caused about 12,000 babies to be born with deformed or missing limbs, is making a comeback. A committee of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration proposed last week that it be approved as a prescription drug, but with severe restrictions on its use. Thalidomide was prescribed for pregnant women suffering from morning sickness in Canada, Europe and elsewhere during the 1950s and early 1960s, then banned when its disastrous effect on fetuses became known. In Canada, physicians can apply for permission to use the drug in most specific conditions, including the autoimmune disease lupus, AIDS-related ulcers and severe weight loss, and a few of lupus. Cindy Warren, who represents 125 people as spokespeople for the Thalidomide Victims' Association of Canada, told the FDA hearings that the drug should be used if it can help people who are sick.

Strengthening bones

A study at Tufts University outside Boston has bolstered previous conclusions that calcium and vitamin D supplements can strengthen bone density in older people and provide a measure of protection from fractures. The researchers followed 176 men and 213 women over the age of 65 during a three-year period. Half were given calcium and vitamin D tablets, the others received a biologically inactive placebo. Of the 37 subjects who suffered non-traumatic fractures during the period, more than two-thirds—26—were in the placebo group. The study, published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, concluded that the vitamin supplements "modestly reduced" the loss in bone density that accompanies old age.

Laxative recall

The Geneva-based drug giant Novartis is withdrawing its current version of the popular laxative Ex-Lax from the North American market as regulators consider a ban on a widely used laxative ingredient shown to cause cancer when given in high doses to rats and mice. Novartis subsidiaries in both countries said they would stop making Ex-Lax with phenolphthalein and instead use a plant extract called senna as the active ingredient. Health Canada alerted consumers in July to the potential risk and ordered manufacturers of about 50 laxatives that contain phenolphthalein to submit evidence showing that the ingredient is safe or stop shipping their products to retailers by Aug. 8. Only two manufacturers made submissions to Ottawa about the suspect ingredient. Federal officials said a final ruling on the issue would be made before the end of September. In Washington, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration moved to ban the suspect chemical, but gave manufacturers 30 days to consent on the approval.

Health and wealth

Can money buy health? Perhaps not entirely, but according to an Ontario survey, people with annual incomes under \$20,000 are less likely to survive cancer than the more affluent. The study, published in the Philadelphia-based *Journal of Clinical Oncology*, tracked more than 390,000 cancer cases diagnosed in Ontario between 1982 and 1993. It found that people with household incomes between \$30,000 and \$40,000 had a better five-year survival rate than those with less money, and the rate was higher still for people earning more than \$50,000. Dr. William Mackillop, the Kingston, Ont., radiation oncologist who led the study, suggests several reasons for the differences. People with higher incomes are likely to be better educated and to seek medical advice sooner, he says. But he also suggests physicians may deal with people from various economic groups differently.

A cinema of extremes

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Canadian movies have developed a nice reputation in recent years. With such taboo-busting fare as *Crash*, *Crossed* and *Altered* blossoming in this country was beginning to look like a peculiar kind of sexual preference. But Canadian cinema—which seems to have been “coming of age” for decades now—keeps changing. Just when everyone has dubbed director Atom Egoyan figured out, he breaks aside with a sensitive tragedy about a schoolbus crash. At the opening film of the Toronto International Film Festival (Sept. 4 to 13), Egoyan's *Crucial* hit, *The Sweet Hereafter*, has dominated the spotlight. But it's just one of 21 new Canadian features at the Toronto event, which serves as an annual showcase for the country's filmmakers—and, this year's crop is one of the most diverse in years.

The festival's genres range from family pathos to gangster gear, from Ken Kesey to surreal lunacy. There are also documentaries, exploring everything from South Africa's apartheid to female erotica, from a sister's suicide to a daughter's murder.

The films—most of which will be shown in theatres or on TV over the next year—form a composite portrait of a national cinema that is adventurous, personal and wildly idiosyncratic. A partial survey: *Hallifax Garden*, directed by Thom Fitzgerald, makes an impressive feature debut with *The Hanging Garden*, a tale of family secrets and lies set in rural Nova Scotia. An outrageous wedding scene with a (radio)modified bride, a blind-drunk father—and Cape Breton derwish Aubrey Macdonald fiddling the chaotic wedding march—sets the tone for a drama fuelled by Celtic mood swings of dark humour and dark emotion. The story centres on the bride's gay brother, Sweet William (Chris Lemaire), who comes home after a long absence and suffers traumatic flashbacks to his sexual awakening as an adolescent. Another New Yorker, Tye Weir, is a lovely vulnerable as the 300-lb. youth. And New Zealand auteur Kerry Fox is a riot as Rosemary, the tough-as-nails bride.

Naming all his characters after garden plants, and structuring the film with floral color design, Fitzgerald runs the risk of over-eating his metaphor. *The Hanging Garden*'s magic-realist conceit—that Sweet William is alive and looking years after hanging himself as the garden was torn—certainly requires a stretch of the imagination. But Fitzgerald's metaphorical industry seems rooted in authentic emotion, and the result is a strange, terrible drama that breaks fresh ground.

By weird coincidence, there is another Canadian movie about an



The Toronto festival's crop of Canadian movies is diverse and wildly idiosyncratic

Far in The Hanging Garden: dark humor and dire emotions

obscure adolescent boy emerging from a repressed upbringing. In *The Phases of Junior Brown*, the coming-of-age hero is a gentle black teenager, played with quiet aplomb by Martin Williams. Junior Brown is an aspiring poetist, but he must play it safe, because his controlling mother cut the strings out of their piano in a fit of rage. Directed by Toronto's Ken Siegel, the film's muted whimsy marks an about-face from the incendiary politics of his feature debut, *Boys* (1995). It's a Christmas fable that takes through a series of fables to a sweet, unassuming conclusion. But *Junior Brown* was filmed for the CBC (and is expected to air in December), has a gentle, unaffected charm that spells relief from the pained-up surrealism of most TV movies.

Offering a more satirical slant on youthful passion, *Kitchen Party* delivers more flat-out entertainment than any of the other new Canadian films. Returning to the makeshift turf of his first feature, *The Subversives* (1994), Calgary writer-director Gary Baros has assembled a terrific ensemble of young actors to create a delirious, warty farce about a teen boy hosting a party in the kitchen of his parents' house while they are out for dinner in a neighboring subdivision. The rest of the house is strictly out-of-bounds—and the slightest disturbance in the boyfriend's frisky by vacuumed pile is cause for major alarm. Of course, property

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3. Only seniors are at risk of stroke:
a) True; b) False.
4. A brain attack always occurs without warning:
a) True; b) False.
5. If you are not in any pain, you don't need to worry:
a) True; b) False.

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FILMS

played by Roland Benetti, who travels through Europe in an attempt to understand his father's suicide. Nadar retraces the steps he took with his family as a 13-year-old, when he and his mother watched his father, a musician, drown himself into the Danube in a final act of artistic surrender. The film, which unfolds as a meditative travelogue, is intercut with exquisite black-and-white stills of the family's original trip through Rome, Budapest, Prague, and Tokyo. And as Nadar travels, he composes the score (which was in fact created by the actor who plays him). Just when the truth of the story leaves old and invention begins is, from a casual viewing, impossible to say.

Some of the most dramatically personal new features do, in fact, take documentary form. And none is more personal than *Tu es Claire* (You Are Claire). Quebec film maker Anne Claire Poirier's devastating farewell to her daughter, Yvonne—a prostitute and heroin addict who was found murdered in Montreal five years ago. With a poetic voice-over co-written by author Marie-Claire Blais, Poirier means interviews of addicts and parents with elegant explosions of her daughter's former wishes. From the long opening shot of a sun-drenched cobble street, Poirier attempts to follow the expansion of death and the subsequent dimming of her daughter's life, ends an unbelieve-



Flanagan, Hugo, emerging opposite strikers in apartheid

in 10 years, but it bears the compassion and keen insight that have become his signature in such recent, fact-based dramas as *The Day of Evelyn* (and *Dance Kurosu*). Butcher

What attracted him to the film, says the 46-year-old director, was the chance to reverse the banality of evil. "I'd done victims of political violence before," he explains, "but I wanted to understand how these things happened. It's not enough just to say apartheid is evil. The things that Gernie perpetrated seem so often invisible, but the man himself seemed to be so ordinary. We go out looking for monsters and when we find them they have a human face. Did he really have a change of heart or was it expedient? Well, both."

Gunnarsson also interviews a range of characters from Gernie's past—both victims and collaborators. He tracks down intelligence operative Col. Jan Anton Nienow, who becomes the first high-ranking

table spy. The film is an almost unbearably eloquent cry of mourning. But it is also an exemplary act of therapy. And as Poirier dissects her feelings of guilt and anger, she conducts a valuable inquiry into the social roots of addiction and delivers a passionate plea for an end to the dehumanization of drugs.

Meanwhile, Toronto filmmaker Stuart Gunnarsson takes a highly personal look at South African politics with his CBC documentary *Gernie & Louise*—the story of a marriage tested in the name of apartheid (below). And Tim Southam's *Drowning in Dreams*, a National Film Board documentary, plumbs the depths of Lake Superior with the bizarre story of a man obsessed by a shipwreck.

Fred Brownie, a Thunder Bay, Ont., multimillionaire, squanders his fortune on trying to raise the *Centuria*, a luxury steam yacht that hit a shoal and sank in 1911. Despite the death of fellow driver Charles King Hapton—who succeeds in stringing narcolepsy and dreams clashing to the *Centuria's* flagstaff—Brownie persists in his treasure hunt. The film's loopy narrative occasionally seems like Hapton is living its own life in the ruins of the deep. But the collection of characters is fascinating, and

offer to confirm publicly that the military ran covert operations against the African National Congress. The film also records heart-wrenching testimony from Nonende Calata, who was pregnant when her husband's mutilated body was discovered.

But the focus of the film rests with Gernie and the woman who now shares his life—and his demons. "There's a heart of darkness in that relationship," says Gunnarsson. "They make things into that place, as far as they can bear, and then they pull back." As Gernie reveals his past, there is a nervous glint in his eye that is hard to decipher. He recalls seeing a man "isolated" (not alone, with a burning tin) and thinking, "I never knew a human body had so much fat in it." He grimly describes the ease with which he did his job, and the privilege that came with it. "It's nice to be a soldier in a military dictatorship."

Yet Gernie was just a fact soldier, says Gunnarsson. "Most of the people responsible for this stuff are still in positions of responsibility in the South African military. And there is implicit agreement that the line of blame is only going to go so far." Then he adds: "It's just like the end of Nazi Germany. There's nobody who wasn't as accomplice in one way or another."

• D.J.

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FILMS

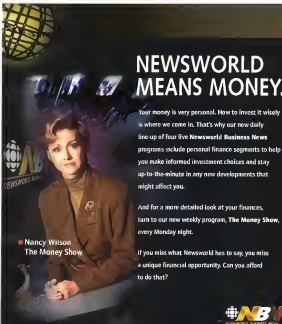
The story's twists get progressively weirder.

Many documentaries play on the unabashed voyeurism of glimpsing lives much stranger and more adventurous than our own. *Erótica: A Journey Into Female Sexuality* addresses that curiosity while providing a thoughtful framework for a world exacerbated by misconceptions. Toronto filmmaker Marys Gallus conducts a guided tour of women's erotica, focusing on interviews with a gallery of self-styled professionals—from a Parisian dominatrix to an American nip-taker. Her best subjects are a remarkably elegant *Pauline Réage*, the 60-year-old author of *The Story of O*, and Bertie La Rivière, a French photographer who shoots provocative, artful pictures of ordinary women, not models, in the nude.

The *American* women in the film, meanwhile, seem determined to democratize, and demystify, lust. Former porn star Anne Sprinkle delivers a self-deferring seminar that drags us into the analytical light of day. French porn producer *Caroline Boyl* comes across as the cold sexual critic, showing that even a pornographer can construct a graceful corporate image. Wisely, Gallus refrains from passing judgment and lets her subjects speak for themselves.

In a more experimental vein, *Unsett* explores sexual politics with a genre-bending mix of melodrama, documentary interviews, reworking history and opera. After winning a *Genie* last year for his lurid production of *Levi's*, gay film maker John Greyson has descended to the guerrilla scale of his first feature, *Zero Patience* (1993). His story involves three characters named Peter: a video artist who flees to cyberspace, a tylist obsessed with Pierre Trudeau and a grad student penning a paper on circumpolarism. With film makers like Greyson, Gallus and Porcitt exploring erotic frontiers, Canadian cinema's reputation for sexual innuendo seems safe at last for a while.

Squeezed between artistic ambition and economic stress, Canadian films tend to be driven by extremes of obsession and desperation. One of the most curious documentaries at the Toronto festival is *Pitch*, by Spencer Rice and Kenny Hoots, a self-portrait by two filmmakers. Canadian filmmakers trying to sell a screenplay to Hollywood bag shots vying for the same limited last year. As they pitch their script for *The Dose*—a comedy about a Mafia don who goes in for a heroin operation and gets a sex change by mistake—their attempts become increasingly laughable. After making serious fools of themselves in Toronto, they take their quest to Hollywood, where a bottom-feeding agent finally gives them cause for hope. *The Dose* is a full-length to be made. But in one warring their failure, Rice and Hoots actually succeed in making a film—a Canadian success story if ever there was one. □



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Margaret's grieving



The author in 1955, standing beside the cockpit harness and her work

Beloved writer Margaret Laurence battled several demons

BY JUDITH TIMSON

When Margaret Laurence was in her mid-50s, she wrote *The Stone Angel*, a fiercely beautiful novel whose heroine, Hagar Shipley, an obstinate, quarrelsome woman of 90, is a hard-nosed presence in her children's lives. Hagar rages against her approaching death, realising towards the end that she has blinded herself from experiencing the true, deep joys of life that she might have had. "I must always, always have wanted that—simply to rejoice. How is it I never could?—When did I ever speak the heart's truth?"

It was Hagar who in 1964 set Laurence on the path to becoming one of Canada's most loved and respected writers, and Hagar who became her most memorable character. It was even Hagar, as James King writes in his enormously moving biography, *The Life of Margaret Laurence*, whom Laurence thought of when, facing terminal cancer at 80, she took the overdose of sleeping pills that ended her life. "I don't want to be Hagar," she wrote in a self-unpublished journal she kept until her death in Jan. 5, 1987.

The fact that Laurence took her own life—which only a handful of friends and family knew—was, perhaps, on the surface, the most surprising thing in the book. But it is not the most interesting, or even the most revealing. King, an English professor at McMaster Uni-

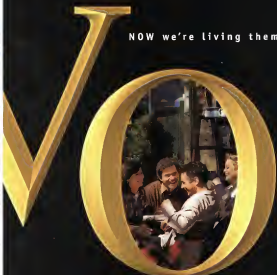
versity in Hamilton, strips away the outer layers of the "stout dowager of Lakefield," as the public perceived Laurence, and reveals a deeply troubled woman who struggled to define herself as a writer but, in the process, may well have left the last her own.

It is difficult to overstate how profoundly *The Life of Margaret Laurence* by King presents her as such a potent mix of strengths and frailties that she was able to emerge as an author in the '50s (a fairly difficult era for women who wanted to be writers) and eventually produce the *Manawaka* novels, in which she told the stories of her notable women like Hagar and writer Marian Goss in *The Diviners*. But Laurence was also so vulnerable that she succumbed to alcoholism, stopped writing adult fiction before the age of 50, and was crippled in a desperate loneliness before her death. "No one knew," says King, "the extent of Margaret's anguish."

All the seeds of Laurence's character were sown in early childhood. Born into a prosperous family in Neepawa, Man., a small town that became the fictionalised *Manawaka* of her novels, "Peggy" Weagans lost her mother to a kidney infection at the age of 4 and her father to pneumonia five years later. It was the death of her mother, Vera, an emotional, deeply sensitive woman, that marked Laurence for life. King quotes fellow writer Sylvia Fraser describ-

BACK THEN we had our dreams,

NOW we're living them.



Like friendship, crafted with care.



Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

BOOKS

ing Laurence's persistence in dealing with people who had suffered similar losses as her own loss of the man.

Laurence was raised by her less emotional but nonetheless supportive and caring father, who called himself Asken, silent gift. Peggy wanted to be a writer from the age of 10 and clearly observed her paternal grandfather and other members of her community. To raise her along important questions, she nonetheless carefully concealed her father's determination, thinking it was unimportant. King charts Laurence's secret longings. At 21, he recruits, "imbued with a wonderful optimism," she fell in love with and married engineer Jack Laurence, moving with him to Southfield. But Laurence rebelled at being the matriarchal, declining as a white woman to exercise her colonial power, and that created friction between husband and wife.

After war where she still felt, she learned to look at herself. From her experience there, she produced a collection of short stories and the novel *The Sky Jordan* (1968). But it was also where she began to drink heavily. "For more than any other women in her circle," King theorizes that Laurence drank in part to blot the pain that enveloped her when she wrote. The very act of writing dredged up something deep within her.

Perhaps more disconcerting than the drinking is King's depiction of Laurence as a flawed parent. Desperately wanting children, she gave birth to a daughter, Jordan, in 1958, and assumed that she could continue to function on her own. But after a visit from her concerned sisters, Laurence, now living back in Vancouver, wrote in a letter:

"I thought I could do everything. But Mary knew, and I could not, that there would be a price." King writes that Laurence's two adult children, Jordan and her younger brother, David, born in 1961, both believe "they paid an undue price for her creativity." As a mother, "she often seemed in a hurry," and the children were made to feel like intruders.

It is always tricky to analyze the competing forces in a woman writer's domestic life. Very few prominent male writers, especially if from that era, would ever be described as flawed because they cited the study done on their children, or were not always available to look after their emotional needs. But King's assertions are well supported because her acknowledgments that both children were permitted to read the manuscript for factual errors in exchange for supplying material relating to their mother. In fact, one of the great unresolved conflicts in Laurence's life was the soul-wrenching split between the demands of motherhood and her passionate desire to write. As she said in one letter to a friend: "If only one could be one thing or another, either mother or woman, either woman or writer, but God alone, he be apt in so many ways as just not be."

In the '30s, Laurence's marriage dissolved, and she moved to Jordan with the children to pursue, albeit unsuccessfully, an affair with a Caribbean writer. Her decision to leave her husband eventually freed her from the role she found most difficult—"I am just not a suitable wife," she said—but it left her lonely for the rest of her life, as she was unable to form any other lasting relationship

with a mate. (King, however, does make it clear that Laurence enjoyed many long and rich friendships.)

In the meantime, Laurence had, in the herself-wrote, "killed off" Peggy and became Margaret, the writer who would raise her children in a rambling cottage in the English countryside before moving back to Canada, and would produce such acclaimed novels as *A Jut of God* (1968), which became the movie *Shirley*, *Parley*, starring George Woodward, *The Five-Dollar Word*, and *The Givers* (1974). In the 1980s, much to Laurence's chagrin, the *Givers* were temporarily banned in her adopted home town of Lakefield (near Peterborough, Ont.) because of its explicitly sexual material.

After *The Givers*, Laurence found she had nothing more to say through her fiction, and the realization was, she remarked, "in some odd way a kind of relief." But even then, drunk by early evening most nights, she was tormented by what people expected of her as a writer and what she could actually give them. "I have not published an adult novel in 12 years and won't and can't," she wrote in her journal in 1986. "Lord, damn they know how to punish that has been for me!"

Although the depth of Laurence's despair is at times almost unbearable to read about, King concludes that the author "triumphed against the dark forces that beset her." In a letter to a friend outlining the extent of her despair, she did admit: "I am so lucky that my sadness grows and I have lived to do my life work. No regrets."

Unlike her haunting fiction about a man, Hagar, Laurence felt she had been this in her lifetime, to rejoice. With non-screaming down her face, she told another friend shortly before her death: "And I've danced. As for speaking the heart's truth, she had done that all along, in her novels."

Fifteen months after investigating the life of novelist Margaret Laurence, biographer Jessica King, 54, an American born professor at English at McMaster University, had a joyful meeting in Toronto with Laurence's two children, Jordan and David. They handed him her private journal and told him: "Mama killed herself!" Heart pounding, he knew then, he recalls, that he had a book "to more explosive" than he had originally thought.

King took home the journal and began to read it. "The way she put it all in suggested elements of greatness to me," she says. "I thought, 'I want to produce a book that is worthy of this woman.'" In fact, he says, he feels he has produced his own *Maozma* novel.

King, who has written biographies of Virginia Woolf and Herbert Read, had always been fascinated by the strong fictional heroines created by Laurence, but was disappointed when her memoir *Center on the Earth* was published two years after her death. "I thought it was magnificent," he said. "She didn't do herself justice." Laurence is his first Canadian literary subject that second one will be then beyond Canadian publisher Jack McClelland.

Despite its tragic elements, King believes this book affirms Laurence's heroic qualities, and her vision as a writer. "Several people have said it was the saddest book they've ever read," says King, "but in a life like that you have to balance it out—she did, in fact, succeed in doing what she was born to do." □

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King: Laurence's suicide is among many revelations in her biography

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The author, her new novel is more realistic than her earlier works

BOOKS

A writer's creative trances

BY JOHN DEMBOS

As Jane Urquhart stands beside her bright, blue, barely-cast, with Lake Ontario at her back, the wind whistles in her long, unburnt hair and arched-length skirt, wincing, for a moment, one of those 19th-century heroines who populate her novels. There is even a hint of the lushly romantic Edward Thorne-Jones plotting *The Evening Star*, which graced the cover of *Away*, her phenomenally successful 1993 novel about Irish settlers in Canada. In that picture, a young woman in a flowing, dark-blue gown flies above a distant landscape, her gaze fixed on things mere mortals cannot see. But as Urquhart comes forward to greet her visitor—here to discuss her new novel, *The Underplaster*—any suggestion of lyrical romanticism is quickly dispelled. Warm, direct and down-to-earth, the 48-year-old author leads the way into the cottage with a very warning to mind the back door. Apparently it puts on the step because the rejected dyslexic in a nearby quarry has shifted the ground beneath. "Listen," Urquhart instructs, as the row of heavy ash-cherry drifts across the trees. "The chewing sound of the multidimensional composites"

A destroyed landscape was one of the dominant images of *Away*, whose island setting was acquired by this very place. Urquhart has been spending summers in that cottage, a few miles east of Colborne, Ont., since her childhood, and its cozy, dated rooms are filled with decades of mementos, including a portrait of the original owner, a doghouse was captain. Out the front window, the great blue dog of the lake re-

Jane Urquhart gets joyfully lost in her stories

plies in the afternoon sun. Three of Urquhart's four novels have been set on or very near the Great Lakes. The Underplaster is about an American artist, Austin Fraser, who lands from Rochester, N.Y., the city that lies just under the horizon visible from the window.

The book reveals a side of Urquhart's talent that may surprise her followers. Gone are the mythic and romantic exaggerations of her earlier works, and in their place is something much more realistic. A lot of the novel's cooler manner flows from Urquhart's use of Austin as its first person narrator ("I struggled to get the book into

the third person but it kept insisting on the first," Urquhart says). Keenly observant but consciously unobtrusive, Austin started the author because he was so subtle, something she had created before. "There was a character who was the very opposite of me, American and male," she says. "I felt some sympathy for him, because he couldn't make an emotional connection. But I was also kind of him a lot of the time."

In many ways, Austin seems like a new variation on the old literary theme of the well-meaning American, who, in his naivety, creates havoc and destruction. Yet his story begins innocently enough. In the early years of the century, Austin spends his childhood summers on the Canadian side of the lake at Davenport (a stand-in for Colborne) where he becomes friends with a local boy, George Kearns. The two keep up a lifelong relationship that survives their separate career paths. Austin becomes a famous painter with a passion for Canada's North, while George becomes a reclusive veteran of the First World War whose great calling is painting scenes on canvas. Ultimately, though, Austin's emotional coldness and blundering stunts their friendship into tragedy. Austin also gets involved with another

Canadian, Sara Penzley, who lives in a remote settlement on the shore of Lake Superior. She becomes his model and mistress, but he slices away from a deeper connection. In the novel's harrowing, beautifully written climactic scene, he watches her disappear from his hotel as she tries to avoid him across the Lake Superior ice—all the while debating whether he will stop away before she gets there. "That scene really upset me," Ungarhart says, "because I didn't know when I was writing it whether he would stay or go."

As Ungarhart talks about her characters, her large, expressive eyes knit at the intensity with which she enters the imaginative world. The act of writing, she admits, is very much like being "away"—the term used in her previous novel to describe a state of otherworldliness so powerful it teaches the authorial. Ungarhart says the writer sits cross-legged, with such fervent concentration that the process can leave her wandering where she has been, and how she will ever get back there. "It's a little away," she says. "I can never really believe I can do it again, because I can never remember how I did it the last time. I can't remember sitting at the desk."

It all sounds a bit like being carried off by the fairies—an apt enough comparison given the enigmatic Ungarhart lives on her Irish background. *Away* was dedicated not just to her mother, Marian Carver, a nurse, and her father, Walter Carver, a mining engineer, but to her mother's theory, the Quinas—by which Ungarhart recaps all the Quinas stretching back through time to immemorial. The Quinas arrived in Canada from Ireland in the mid-19th century, and ever since, Ungarhart says, have been mythologizing the island of their origins. Ungarhart—the name comes from her husband, painter Tony Ungarhart, with whom she lives for most of the year at their home in the village of Wolfesley, near Richmond. Out—was born in 1949 in Little Lake in Northern Ontario. But she summured with the Quinas at the Lake Ontario village and never absorbed their Irish heritage. She had the notion, she says, that Ireland was "this imaginary island somewhere that, if you were only good enough or could think original thoughts, you might get there."

Ungarhart describes her early self as a "really odd little girl" with passionate ambitions. When she was 9, and her family had moved to Toronto, her parents took her to see *The Music Man* and *My Darling Clementine*. New York City Ungarhart was standstill. She insisted on dancing and acting lessons, and commiserated a thread into starring in promenade performances in a corner of the schoolyard, hoping she would somehow be

discovered. She even wrote the composer Richard Rodgers, offering to come to New York and work for him. He wrote back, cheerfully offering to meet her at the place—when she was 18.

In her early teens, Ungarhart became fascinated by the work of such Beat writers as Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, and wrote rooms of ball poetry in the family's coal cellar ("I'll be going to be a Beat, then I had to live in a cellar," she says). She also began to skip after-school activities at her prestigious private school, Hawergal, in order to take the bus downtown to hear folk singers in Yorkville. She was often in love (usually unhappily) and at 18 she left hand for Paul Kerle, an art student about a year and a half her senior. A year later, much to her parents' distress, they were married. "We were so absorbed with each other," she says, "it was a true-life kind of condition, and that can only happen when

Two years later she met Tony Ungarhart, 15 years her senior, at an art opening in Richmond. The two married in 1970, and the following year Ungarhart gave birth to a daughter. Two of her husband's young daughters from an earlier marriage also lived with them, and yet, despite the domestic chores that suddenly fell into Ungarhart's lap, she was writing harder than ever and, for the first time, sending her poems and stories to small magazines. "Housework doesn't take up the side of your mind that creative narrative and plays with words," says Ungarhart, who by now had earned two bachelor degrees, in English and Art History. "But I'm positive that if I'd become some sort of professional person, I'd never have become a writer. I used a lot of unstructured time."

As she began to get published and gain confidence, Ungarhart left her way into her first novel, *The Whorlwind*, inspired by an old record book once kept by her husband's grand mother, a Niagara Falls undertaker. It contained descriptions of the dead bodies or "Eastern" that had been pulled from the river below the falls. Edgar Seligman, editorial director of *Bellini* at Mc Clelland & Stewart, which has published all of Ungarhart's novels, read her manuscript and remembers being "quite pleasantly amazed by its thematic richness and magical evocation of place." The book sold modestly when it appeared in 1980.

It was considerable critical acclaim, including France's prize for the best foreign novel of the year. Four years later, it was followed by *Changing Rivers*, infused with Ungarhart's passion for Emily Brontë. Then in 1990 came *Away*, with its mythical evocation of Canada's roots. The critics raved, and it spent 29 weeks at the top of the country's best-seller lists. "It seemed to be read by a lot of people who hadn't read a book since *Grande Ill*," Ungarhart says, adding with a laugh, "In fact, it was so popular I began to wonder if there was something wrong with it."

The Golden Pencil—Seligman calls it Ungarhart's "darkest, most mature and psychologically penetrating work"—may not achieve the same high profile. But then, Ungarhart remains uncomfortable with fame. What attracts her to writing novels, she says, is the writing itself: "It has never really lost the aspect of play for me. When I go upstairs to write, it's always with the feeling that I'm going to do what I really want to do. I'm going to play. I'm crazy about it."

And as she walks out to the cottage lane and says goodbye, an absent, distracted look is already creeping into her handsome features: no doubt part of her is already "away." It is the undefinable place where Jane Ungarhart's visions turn to words. □

Her 1993 novel, *Away*, spent 2½ years at the top of the country's best-seller lists

you're quite young—that feeling that you're paced physically forever."

Living with Kerle brought Ungarhart many insights into the art world that she would later use in *The Godmother*. When Kerle enrolled at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in Halifax, he became intimately acquainted with the rough-hewn teachers there—many of them Americans—were laying on conceptual art. "Paul would make a point, but then they'd demand that he burn it or bury it and videotape the whole process," Ungarhart recalls. In *The Godmother* she makes Anne into a kind of conceptual artist, who creates trellis images, and then she'll just observe them under a brick, black layers. There is an element of purity in this, as well as a nice symbol of Anne's habit of burying of his own emotions.

Five years after the couple were married, Kerle died in a car crash. "I lost about 40 lb and looked like some wif," Ungarhart says of her period of grief. The tragedy gave her—though she did not then know it—one of the most powerful elements of her later fiction: the theme of eloquent, youthful love, heretically seeped by death in a land of perfection. "So you to keep it as a sort of little bubble you can go back to," Ungarhart says quietly of her time with Kerle.

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Diana changed the monarchy forever

My days, the Staff, as the best small hotel in the world. It is like a boarding house—where they take plates. The love elevator breaks down every day. One morning, there is no hot breakfast—“the gas” has disappeared. The subterranean toast, as always, is stone cold even when there is no gas.

Outside the door, there is a narrow paved sidewalk that opens on Green Park, one of the three lovely linked banks of grass—in between St. James's Park and Hyde Park—that are “the lungs of London.”

There left down Queen's Walk and about 100 in all, intercepted only by a parker with green signal hair flapping a magazine, in the wonderfully named lane, Millom's Passage. At the end is an ugly pile of yellow brick St. James's Palace, built in 1532 by Henry VIII, home last year to the shattered corpse of the young lady who even in death has changed the monarchy forever.

One first was the perfect usage of a country that can't decide when it will enter the modern world. A knee redcoat, wearing a bus before a subway bus, carrying erect a submachine-gun that was topped by what's this?—a bayonet. A bayonet? To counter nuclear missiles, no doubt. There is the great tradition of a Britain, a faded empire now desperate not to give up the tourist trade.

A stroll to the night reveals the mob around Buckingham Palace's locked gates and the endless sea of flowers with a child's cry over tribute to her “Queen of Hearts.” The most obvious of attractions, perhaps not so strangely, were hordes of TV anchor ladies in crilled blood red reacting to cameras—the very mafia with the bottom-feeders of which are accused of driving the princess into her grave.

London has never seen a week like it. Winston Churchill, who saved the world for democracy, attracted 300,000 to his funeral cottage when he died in 1953. This unshowered girl drives millions, and as shaken the royals that they are forced by public outrage to abandon their beloved protocol and bow to their subjects' wishes that they get a life and get involved.

George W41, the American commentator, has noted that “the monarchy is a remnant of the infancy of the British people.” Also



among European democracies—shame all of them republics—the Brits persist in turning their royals into movie stars (unlike the Yankees, who turn their movie stars into royals).

The dead princess may have changed all that, in death perhaps more than when she was alive. Those with sharp memories may know that she died at 36 at the same age as another doomed sex symbol, Marilyn Monroe, and in the same manner as the equally gorgeous Grace Kelly left this earth.

The spot interviews outpouring of feeling from what is supposed to be the still-living royals, hunkered in Balmoral up in Scotland, absolutely bewildered and in slight panic—golfing and mulling that they had stopped a bullet “On the Ball” of the “Her Royal Highness” label.

Columbia's Polly Brynner, down dead of a rather well-known knifing, says “the Wanders are behaving as if a revolution is taking place outside the gates of Buckingham Palace. And they may be right.” Every morning, as I went out Queen's Walk to buy my newspapers, little men in paper blue business suits were headed, a posy of red roses in hand, down to Buck House to lay another wreath—on the dead hand of the monarchy.

There are all the comments on how Prince Charles, in the last year, spent exactly 30 days with those two cranked pistol boys. Instead of the world's most photographed woman taking down a McDonald's and dressing them in base ball caps, will they spend their youth game shooting in Scotland?

Someone has noted that getting bored up with the monarchy this day is like marrying into the Addams family. At the “Tarry-tale” marriage, according to the Queen Mum's gene pool, by the late Queen Lady Charles will be past 70 and past Prince Wales will be in his 60s.

It is inevitable. It has resulted in *Mosby Palace* come to life. It is a bizarre that Mohamed Al Fayed (who called the “M” to his house to appear a Saudi prince and has been denied British citizenship for lying even about his birth certificate) mounts a huge picture display in Harrods windows of Diana and her dead playboy son who could not control a drunk driver—and then sends back vans in dead the drenched mourners standing 11 hours in the drizzle to sign a book for the princess in St. James's Palace.

And the Royal National Institute for Deaf People, saying it is “died,” turns down a request by journalists to provide professional lipreaders to note down the Royal Family's private conversations during the Westminster Abbey funeral.

Tony Blair, who popularized “the people's princess” description, has emerged as a more powerful influence than the bewildered royals who can't read their people any more.

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